

# AMERICAN

## Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

MARCH, 1841.

### Embellishment:

PORTRAIT OF RIDDLESWORTH:

Engraved on Steel by DICK, from a Painting by FERNELY.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE sequel to the Deer Hunt in North Carolina, by "Tarkill," is of such length that we are compelled to hold it over for the next number of the Register. Tarkill writes us that his sketches would come more appropriately under the head of "A Hunting Excursion in the Pines" than the one we selected.

We have had for some weeks in hand the rejoinder of Frank Forester to the communication of "H." in our last, upon Nomenclature. It will appear in our next.

We have in hand the stock of several gentlemen, which shall be registered the earliest possible day.

Just as the last form of the magazine was going to press, we received the valuable paper of T., in which he discusses the opinions of "Alpha" upon "The Get of Medoc." It will appear in our next number.

We give with this number the Title Page to the Eleventh Volume of the Turf Register, together with the conclusion of the Racing Calendar for 1840, and a complete Index to the Calendar. Subscribers can now bind the twelve regular numbers of the 11th volume, together with such portions of the Racing Calendar for 1840 as have appeared in the January and present numbers of the 12th volume; and the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine for 1840 will then be complete.

## MEMOIR OF RIDDLESWORTH,

BRED BY LORD JERSEY ;

NOW THE PROPERTY OF A COMPANY OF GENTLEMEN IN ALABAMA.

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Of the horses which have been imported to the United States from England, no one boasts a purer lineage than Riddlesworth, and few have surpassed the brilliancy of his performances upon the Turf. On this account, we have selected a Portrait of him to embellish this number of the Turf Register.

Riddlesworth was bred by Lord JERSEY, in 1828, and was got by Emilius, out of Fillagree. Fillagree was likewise bred by Lord Jersey, in 1815, and was got by Soothsayer, out of Web (sister to Whisker) by Waxy, out of Penelope by Trumpator—her dam Prunella by Highflyer, out of Promise by Snap—Julia by Blank—Spectator's dam by Partner—Bonny Lass by Bay Bolton—Darley's Arabian—Byerly Turk—Taffolet Barb—Place's White Turk—Natural Barb Mare.

It is obvious that no blood can be richer, and it may not be idle to detain the reader a moment from the performances of Riddlesworth, to illustrate the position that he comes of a stock that has—*par eminence*—raced and got racers.

His sire Emilius, by Orville (the winner of the St. Leger in 1802), out of Emily by Stamford, was the winner of the Derby in 1823, and is the sire of Priam, who won the Derby in 1830 ; of Plenipo, who won it in 1834 ; of Mango, who won the St. Leger in 1837, and of Euclid, who ran a dead heat for the same stake in 1839.

Fillagree was early put into the stud, and produced Rembrandt, Donegani's dam, Cobweb, Butterfly, Chrysalis, Will-o'-the-Wisp, Charlotte West, and others besides the subject of this Memoir. Cobweb, his half sister, won the Oaks in 1824, but is yet more distinguished as the dam of a host of winners ; her produce has unquestionably won more money than the produce of any mare in England of her day. Among the most distinguished of these have been Nell Gwynne, Bay Middleton, Achmet, Phoenix, Cæsar, and Glenorchy.

Web, the grandam of Riddlesworth, was sister to Whalebone and Whisker, both winners of the Derby, and she was got by Waxy, who likewise won that stake in 1793. She produced, besides Fillagree, Rubens Junior, Adonis, Middleton, Glenártney, and Trampoline.

The next remove is Penelope, out of Prunella ; and here the most fastidious may well cease his investigations—"the old Prunella sort" has become a proverb among English breeders.

We come now to the performances of Riddlesworth, upon which we give the comments of "Observer," who was at the time the Race Reporter to the (Old) Sporting Magazine.

1831 Newmarket Craven Meeting, April 4—The Seventeenth Riddlesworth Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., for the produce of mares covered in 1827. Abingdon mile. Sixteen subs.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. <i>Riddlesworth</i> , by Emilius, out of Fillagree, 8st. 4lb. ....	G. Edwards.	1
Lord Exeter's ch. c. Anthony, by Tramp, out of Augusta, 8st. 4lb. ....		2
Lord Anson's b. g. Egbert, by Morisco, out of Ina, 8st. 2lb. ....		3

The following were not placed :

Duke of Richmond's br. c. Selictar, by Moses, out of The Brownie, 8st. 2lb.

Mr. Rush's b. c. Roadster, by McAdam, out of Rhoda, 8st. 2lb.

Two to 1 on Riddlesworth and 3 to 1 agst. Anthony.

The Riddlesworth Stakes of 200 sovs. each is one of the greatest turf events of the year, not only on account of the money, which is very great, but as opening the *book of fate* to other as great or greater engagements still to be decided.

The Fillagree colt, from shape, size, action, and condition, with superior judgment in his owner (Lord Jersey), and the spirit to back it, brought the betting up to 2 to 1 upon him. This, however, had the effect of lessening the field, as five only out of the sixteen came to the post. The start was a good one, though in a new world to them, Fillagree shewing more surprise than any of the others, scarcely knowing how to go straight; but George Edwards, with a little coaxing and some threatening, soon gave him to understand what he had to do, riding him beautifully to the hill by the bushes, where he took a sensible and gentle pull, allowing two others to come up and take the lead over a short but disagreeably sudden rise and fall of ground (soon to be done away), when he passed them like shot, and went in a clever winner—and if not the Derby, something very like it, bringing the betting from  $7\frac{1}{2}$  against him to only 4 to 1: Lord Exeter's Augusta colt second, who ran with beautiful action, spirit and truth; but the Fillagree has too great a stride for him on any course that ends down hill. Report was very busy in making Mr. Rush's Rhoda colt a great horse, but he was the "first beat in the race."

— April 7.—Renewal of the Dinner Stakes of 300 sovs. each, h. ft., for colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 4lb. Rowley Mile. Seven subs.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. <i>Riddlesworth</i> , by Emilius. ....	Robinson.	1
Lord Verulam's b. c. Vestris, by Whalebone, out of Varennes. ....		2

Two to 1 on Riddlesworth.

The Dinner Stakes of 300 sovs. each (pretty pickings) had five who paid forfeit, and two runners—champions in their way—the course Rowley's Mile, ending up hill, and rather severe. This, by some, was thought to be against Riddlesworth (the Fillagree colt), on account of an imaginary something in his action. Robinson rode him, and soon removed this delusion by winning at any and all times in the race. An excuse was made for Vestris, having had the muzzle on, three days running, and winning two great stakes: one in each of the preceding days. This certainly cannot be in favor of a young beginner, but not enough, unless there is something else to make up the difference.

— April 19.—Newmarket First Spring Meeting—Renewal of the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for colts, 8st. 7lb., and fillies, 8st. 4lb. Rowley Mile. Twenty-six subs.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. <i>Riddlesworth</i> , by Emilius. ....	Robinson.	1
Gen. Grosvenor's br. c. Sarpedon, by Emilius, out of Icaria. ....		2
Lord Exeter's ch. c. Bohemian, brother to Zingaree, by Tramp. ....		3
Duke of Richmond's gr. c. Ciudad Rodrigo, by Emilius, out of Dandizette. ....		4
Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Philip, brother to Fanny Davies, by Filho. ....		5
Mr. Lumley's b. c. Auditor, by Middleton, out of Galatea. ....		

Five to 1 on Riddlesworth. Won without a struggle.



The Two Thousand Guineas Stakes this year was won without a struggle, Lord Jersey winning this, as he has done all the rest of the great stakes, without letting us know, or even giving us leave to guess at the extent of his greatness with Riddlesworth *alone*. But if it is true that Blunderer is not only a finer, but a much better horse, why then, gentlemen, *take care of your pockets*—if Riddlesworth has left anything to care about.

— April 23.—Renewal of the Newmarket Stakes of 25 sovs. each, h. ft. ; colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb. Ditch Mile. The owner of the 2d horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stakes. Thirty-four subs.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. *Riddlesworth*, by Emilius..... Robinson. 1  
Mr. Cooke's b. c. Incubus, by Phantom, out of Katharine..... Chifney.. 2

The following were not placed :

Mr. Vansittart's ch. c. Rubini, by St. Patrick, out of Slight.  
Duke of Portland's b. c. Amphictyon, by Tiresias, out of Emily.  
Duke of Grafton's b. f. Blassis, by Emilius, out of Minuet.  
Sir Mark Wood's b. f. Galantine, by Reveller, out of Snowdrop.  
Mr. Sowerby's b. c. Sir Thomas, by Abjer, out of Lady Henry.  
Mr. Hunter's b. c. Brother to Christina, by Gustavus, out of Sprightly.  
Seven to 2 on Riddlesworth. Won by three lengths.

For the Newmarket Stakes about eight started, and twenty-six paid forfeit. They came away at a very good rate. Robinson on Riddlesworth took a position somewhere about the centre of the front, but not in advance, rather choosing to keep back, as far as he could do it consistently without running the risk of being shut out. In this way they came to the cords, when, like something *flying*, he passed the judge three lengths first, quite at play. Chifney on Incubus served all the rest just the same, and would have been a brilliant winner if Riddlesworth had been out of the way ; but nothing of the year, if Riddlesworth keeps in his present perfect state, can reasonably expect to beat him.

It is the fashion to say that it is “ a year of bad horses ;” but I, who am not a fashionable man, contend that it is the superiority of Riddlesworth that makes them *only look so* : and if anything should happen to put him aside, several good ones will be found to prove my assertion.

— May 19.—The first year of a Renewal of the Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb. Last mile and a half. The owner of the 2d horse to receive back his Stake, and the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the expenses of the Police. One hundred and five subs.

Lord Lowther's b. c. Spaniel, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus..... W. Wheatley. 1  
Lord Jersey's ch. c. *Riddlesworth*, by Emilius, out of Fillagree ..... H. Edwards.. 2

The following were not placed :

Mr. Cooke's b. c. Incubus, by Phantom.  
Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. Ferdousi, by Figaro.  
Mr. Thornhill's b. c. Africanus, by Emilius.  
His Majesty's b. c. by Mustachio, out of Electress's dam.  
Lord Exeter's br. c. Hæmus, by Sultan.  
Mr. S. Day's b. c. Caleb, by Waterloo.  
Duke of Richmond's gr. c. Ciudad Rodrigo, by Emilius.  
Mr. Vansittart's ch. c. Rubini, by St. Patrick, out of Slight.  
Lord Sligo's ch. c. Bras De Fer, by Langar.  
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Colwick, by Filho da Puta.  
Mr. W. Chifney's ch. c. by Emilius, out of Pigmy.  
Mr. W. Chifney's br. f. by Emilius, out of Surprise.  
Lord Egremont's b. c. Brother to Recruit.  
Gen. Grosvenor's br. c. Sarpedon, by Emilius.  
Lord Verulam's b. c. Vestris, by Whalebone.  
Lord Chesterfield's b. c. by Middleton, out of Cressida.  
Mr. Rush's b. c. Roadster, by McAdam.  
Mr. Petre's ch. c. Rattler, by Reveller.  
Sir R. Bulkeley's b. c. Pickpocket, by St. Patrick.  
Duke of Grafton's b. c. Æneas, by Emilius.  
Lord Jersey's ch. c. Blunderer, by Middleton, out of Blunder's dam.

Six to 4 on Riddlesworth, 12 to 1 agst. Vestris, 16 to 1 agst. Blunderer, 20 to 1 agst. Bras

De Fer, 25 to 1 agst. Cressida, 25 to 1 agst. Roadster, 50 to 1 agst. Spaniel, 30 to 1 agst. Mustachio c., 50 to 1 agst. Caleb, 50 to 1 agst. Colwick, 50 to 1 agst. Surprise, and 100 to 1 agst. Incubus.

What a Derby!—who ever knew a Derby without a second favorite?—What a Derby!—thirty to one against Spaniel till after winning the Shirley Stakes so cleverly, when it became 40 to 1 against him, as if he was below contempt before he did it! No! it must be Riddlesworth! Who can forget his winning at Newmarket?—Reflections like these closed the eyes of such as *could sleep*, when a glorious morning soon summoned its tens of thousands to witness the great and all-engrossing event. The start was considered satisfactory, all getting well away the second time, Bras-de-Fer, Hæmus, and Riddlesworth taking decided front places; and the rush up the hill at starting was very severe, so much so that whips, spurs, kicks, cuffs, and the whole art of persuasion were resorted to before they got to the top of the hill, when like every thing else in nature, “after a storm comes a calm,” they began to steady themselves, to look out for places according to their merits or necessities, and for a little more than a quarter of a mile seemed to slacken their paces. This led many to suppose (looking at it alone) that it was not a severe run race—the contrary, however, is the fact; and to this only the winner is indebted for his success, in encountering two severe struggles in one race, for which the Whalebone blood, and the smallest size in the lot, particularly qualified him. This made Spaniel win the Derby for Lord Lowther. This made Lord Lowther give the spirited price of five hundred guineas for him when a foal, and because he was own brother to Lapdog, a winner also of the Derby. The only drawback, Lord Lowther was not present to witness the splendid performances of Wheatley, his jockey, and Spaniel, his horse. Riddlesworth, the great favorite, was second, and, though beaten, loses nothing of his great character; he ran a *very good horse*. The Judge placed but two. Mr. Cooke’s Incubus was certainly third; and Sir G. Heathcote’s Ferdousi fourth, and at one time looked well; as Sam Day did on Caleb almost to the New Stand. There were about seven up at the finish. A finer race was never seen at Epsom, and I think it will be proved that a better set of horses never ran—nor ever a greater concourse of people to enjoy the sight. Enormous sums of money were in danger; but, from the peculiarity of the betting, Spaniel’s winning goes a great way towards producing a sort of neutrality. Twenty-three out of a hundred and five started. The judge declared the winner to be “three parts of a length” first.

At the Newmarket Craven Meeting. April 24, 1832, Mr. Scott Stonehewer’s b. c. Zany, by Morisco, 8st. 5lb. (Robinson), beat Sir M. Wood’s ch. c. *Riddlesworth*, 8st. 8lb., A.F., 300, h. ft.—5 to 4 on Zany.

Newmarket Craven Meeting, April 27—The Port Stakes of 100 sovs each, h. ft., colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb. T.M.M. The owner of the second horse to receive back his stake. Nine subs.

Mr. Robinson’s b. c. Liverpool, by Tramp.....	Scott.	1
Lord Verulam’s b. c. Vestris .....		2
Mr. W. Chifney’s br. c. by Merlin, out of Black Daphne .....		3
Sir M. Wood’s ch. c. <i>Riddlesworth</i> .....		-
Lord Exeter’s br. c. Hæmus .....		-
Col. Wilson’s b. c. Chapman.....		-

Two to 1 agst. Liverpool, 3 to 1 agst. *Riddlesworth*, 4 to 1 agst. Chapman, and 5 to 1 agst. the Black Daphne colt.

It will be observed that in his last year he was beaten; but by horses whom the year before he had beaten without a struggle. In running for the Derby he incurred an injury, from which he did not recover. He was certainly considered the best horse in England of his year, from the style in which he won his races. In 1832 he was sold to Germany and taken from the turf; he made several seasons in Germany, and his colts have raced there successfully. But being a great favorite with Mr. Tattersall, he was re-purchased and taken back to England, and made his first and his only season there in 1839, and consequently has had no colts out in that country. In the autumn of 1839 he was purchased by a Company of Gentlemen in Alabama, and made his first season last year at Mount Meigs, in that State, and will remain there the present season.

Riddlesworth is full sixteen hands high, of majestic bearing, combining the strength and symmetry which are looked for in one of his distinguished lineage. An English gentleman, in writing a description of him, thus familiarly but strongly expressed himself:—"He is just the horse, I know, to please you Americans, for he has the d——est loin and buttocks that have ever crossed the Atlantic, in addition to being perfectly formed every where else." Mr. Tattersall says that he was the most powerful horse in England, except the great Plenipotentiary; his peculiar and highest excellence is in his back, loin, and quarters.

As a foal getter, reliance may be placed upon Riddlesworth, and his owners limit him to such a number of mares as not to impair his vigor.

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## THE STOCK HORSES OF TENNESSEE.

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MR. EDITOR: In addition to the horses already enumerated, Tennessee has the benefit of crossing from the following; and if they have not hitherto enjoyed as extensive a reputation as some of those named in my previous number, they may yet do so, being equal to most of them both in blood and racing reputation.

In the vicinity of Nashville there is Imp. Merman, son of Whalebone; he was a fine racer, very like his half brother, Chateau Margaux; he was in bad health for some time after his arrival, and his owners did not consult his reputation by standing him then. He is now in fine health, and I look for an improvement in his foals of last season.

Imp. Volney, son of Velocipede, from the dam of Voltaire, is a most promising stallion. He is a horse of great substance, short legged and strong, and reminds all who see him of the Archy stock; his colts in England are promising and large, and among the late importations there is not one better calculated for this country. Descended from as fine racing stock as any in the world, he has the strength of a wagon-horse; and in this particular I think

no thorough-bred in England could have compared with him but Plenipo'.

Imp. Shakspeare has been here two seasons, but I have not seen any of his colts. He is a truly handsome, large horse, was a slashing racer, and from his blood, should get race-horses. I bred a mare to him last spring with a sanguine hope of getting a *race-horse* at some distance.

In East Tennessee they have had the services of Lurcher. In 1839 he had not more than two thorough-bred mares; thus his chance of acquiring reputation from that season is small indeed; but then he will benefit the stock, as he is a horse of fair size, faultless form, and the richest pedigree. He is untried as a stallion, but as his colts are handsome and strong, as he raced himself, and is of the best racing family in England, there can be little doubt of his doing some good.

In the same section during 1840 they had Imp. Puzzle, son of Reveller, from a Juniper mare; he is a horse of the largest class, and from his form and pedigree must improve the stock, though, as in the case of Lurcher, he will have little chance of enhancing his reputation.

Imp. Philip and Imp. Luzborough also stood in this State, and were liberally patronized. The stock of Philip is yet untried, but the Luzboroughs have run well. Among breeders he had a doubtful reputation; while some preferred him to almost any horse in the country, others would not breed from him on any terms. Certain it is that he had a rich pedigree, and every such cross is a benefit here.

The Imported horses Fop and Ainderby are in Maury County; they are both horses of fair size, of a racing family, and each distinguished himself early on the Turf. Their colts are said to be handsome and blood-like, but untried as yet.

This is the list of imported horses—all good, and some of them equal, at least, to any ever brought to the United States; and as a Tennessean I feel that if we had only them to rely on, our stock would be able to compete with any in the Union. But, Sir, we have also some of the best of the Native Stallions—among them Old Eclipse and his son Shark—of that *strain* surely the best; and we have also Chesterfield, son of Pacific—a horse of fine size, great beauty, pure blood and high racing reputation; his colts are handsome and promising.

Picton, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy, stands in the Western District; he was liberally patronized last season; the mantle of his sire has fallen on him, and he is at this time a popular horse.

This list is not made for the purpose of boasting, or to deter Sportsmen from attending our races, but to account for the superiority of our horses, and to direct gentlemen where to come when they wish to buy the *right* sort. At the same time I would advise all my friends who do not race for the mere amusement of *others*, to avoid the Nashville Turf.

B\*\*\*\*\*.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Jan. 12, 1841.



## ON BREEDING HORSES CONSIDERED AS A POINT OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE.

DURING a peace of nearly five-and-twenty years' duration, the object of breeding a stout and powerful species of horse seems to have been nearly lost sight of in the endeavor to obtain speed on the Turf. The immediate consequence of this mania for racing is, that the country is at the present moment overstocked with weedy stallions and mares, whose progeny partake largely of the faults of sire and dam, and thus serve to perpetuate a race of horses absolutely useless for any other object than that of contending, for the most part at short distances, for the enormous prizes which are everywhere held out as tempting baits to sacrifice power to velocity. That these two requisites are frequently in a great measure necessarily combined I will not attempt to deny; but that the latter may exist without the former, when prolonged exertion is not required, is equally incapable of refutation. The largest Stakes are got up in this country for two and three-year-old horses, and as at that age they cannot of course be expected to be capable of the same degree of endurance as horses some years older, as a necessary consequence the weight they are made to carry and the distance they have to run must be proportioned to their powers. Hence the weight they have to bear varies from seven to nine stone, and the length of the course from three-quarters of a mile to a mile and a half. But if thorough-bred horses, as experience would tend to shew, are incapable for the most part of putting forth their best energies when carrying more than eight or nine stone over level turf for a short distance, of what real value are they for the ordinary purposes for which horses of all denominations are usually employed? Are they fitted for draught-horses, for hunters, or for cavalry horses? Certainly not. Their sole value, with the exception of their blood, is as racers: and consequently, since it matters not on what event men stake their money, a race across a table between a lot of maggots for stakes of equal value would beget almost as much interest in betting-men as do the Criterion, Derby, or Oaks of the present day.

The breed of the English race-horse is probably not so good now as it was many years ago. At any rate, if we are to judge solely by pace, we have seen as yet but one Eclipse and one Flying Childers; and yet, supposing that our knowledge of breeding is not inferior to that of our ancestors, how happens it that this should be the case? Can it be possible that with *discrimen* equal to that of our forefathers, and with the same stock to breed from, half a century should elapse without the production of one single racer whose exploits will bear a comparison with those of the above-mentioned horses? The idea is perfectly absurd; and so long as we are contented with attributing to chance the production of horses who could run clean away from the very best racers we possess, so long will



the likelihood of our breeding any of equal capabilities be something more than improbable.

The portraits of some of our old thorough-bred stallions shew us a species of horse of immense muscular power (such, for instance, as Soldier); and it is probable that as they had no such temptations to run at a very early age as we have at present, and the courses were consequently very severe, every horse not possessed of that necessary qualification, *power*, was formerly rejected as a covering stallion. So long as matters remained in this state, it is evident that the *general* breed of horses all over the country must have been vastly improved by a cross with a horse combining strength with speed; but with the introduction of short courses, to be run by very young horses for enormous Stakes, vanished the *necessity* for breeding an animal whose powers of endurance could seldom or never be employed with advantage to the owner equal to those held out for procreating stock whose *only* requisite was short-lived speed. Hence most breeders of race-horses at the present day, grasping, as men naturally will do, at the largest and quickest return for the expenses they incur, select stallions (such as Sultan) whose progeny are known to be speedy for a short distance, although incapable of continued exertion; and thus is a weedy powerless breed of horses perpetuated, which eventually must, and will, most materially, deteriorate the form and capabilities of the English thorough-bred horse.

Now Eclipse and Flying Childers did not make their appearance on the turf as racers until after they were five years old; and the former—used as a stallion at seven years old, when probably the little work he had done had rather tended to increase than diminish his vigor—produced between three and four hundred winners; whilst King Herod, a descendant of the latter, was sire of nearly five hundred racers, all successful on the turf.

There cannot possibly exist a doubt of the injury done to a colt by putting him in training to run at two years old; and if it be objected that some of our best covering stallions are the finest horses in the world, we have still no proof that their powers might not have been greater had they been allowed to attain maturity before any great exertions were demanded from them.

Nor is this all that requires consideration in attempting to account for the non-production at the present day of racers as good as were bred fifty years ago. It is well known to all who have studied physiology that the instances are numerous of men actively employed in business who have procreated a perfectly healthy offspring while thus occupied, and who, after having amassed a fortune and led for some time a life of indolence and inactivity, have begotten children of sickly and debilitated constitutions. Is it not, therefore, rational to conclude, from parallel reasoning, that a stallion rendered vigorous by strict attention to exercise proportioned to his strength and food, adapted to the calls that are made upon him, should be in a much fitter condition for producing healthy and vigorous stock than the pampered and over-fed animals that are almost everywhere to be seen in breeding establishments? The covering stallion of the

present day is, ordinarily speaking, confined for the greater part of his life in a loose box, or permitted to walk out into a small yard surrounded by a high paling; and the exercise he takes in this limited space of his own accord is frequently considered quite sufficient for his health: but what exercise will a horse thus confined spontaneously give himself? scarcely enough to prevent him from going to sleep. It may be all very well for the private interest of the owner of a covering stallion to keep him loaded with fat, provided he be certain such an appearance will captivate the multitude and induce breeders to send mares to him; but I much question, so long as this system is followed, if the stock of such sires be much improved by it.

The same remarks may also in some degree be applied to brood mares. There is certainly no necessity for keeping them under a course of training, neither in all probability would they generally escape some serious consequences by so doing; but I cannot help thinking that the dam, *and consequently her progeny*, would be benefited by being gently used as a hack until within a few months of foaling. I have seen cart mares worked on a farm until within a day of their bringing forth, and never knew them to be injured by it, if not put to severe labor.

Moderate work as a hack must, from the healthy excitement produced by change of scene, be of all others the most agreeable to a horse; but many stallions, after covering for a season without being regularly exercised, become so unruly, that they will not allow themselves to be ridden, neither will they lead in hand alongside another horse without flying at him. They should consequently never be permitted to lose the habit of submission by a life of idleness. They can, however, at all times be blindfolded when vicious, and either be led by a man on foot or lunged in the ring; but this species of exercise can give no pleasure whatever to the horse, and therefore of course tends less to promote health and animation than exercise under the saddle, and without being hoodwinked.

Were the evils produced by early training confined to the Turf alone, they might without detriment to the nation at large be suffered to continue; but you will not fail to perceive that the remarks I have already made are with a view to prove that the weedy racers now bred in every county of England are the source of deeper mischief, and the germ of that deterioration in the English breed of horses *generally* which every succeeding twenty years will possibly make more and more manifest. Ask all the old horse-dealers, who have been carrying on business for the last thirty or forty years, if for a considerable time past they have not yearly experienced greater and greater difficulty in procuring well-bred hunters fit to carry thirteen or fourteen stone across the country, and the general answer you will get is, "there are no good horses to be got now, Sir, for love or money." The largest and highest-priced dealers in London are obliged to send down their agents into the horse-breeding counties several days prior to our best horse-fairs, in order to purchase such horses as they know will be eagerly sought after by the heavy weights, who are not to be mounted for a trifle; and al-

though several of these dealers have capital sufficient to buy up horses enough to suit all the welter-weights who look to London as the great mart for horse-flesh, how many animals such as they require are they enabled to procure?

Then again, look at most of our cavalry regiments: are they all properly mounted, and are their horses equal to what they were twenty years ago? Take, for instance, our regiments of Life Guards—the best mounted in the service—and let me ask if nine out of ten of their horses are up to the average weight of the rider and his accoutrements—*twenty stone*? I say, most unquestionably, not, although I believe that Government allows a larger sum now than formerly for the purchase of horses for the cavalry. I repeat, that five-and-twenty years of peace have made us lose sight of the importance of breeding large and powerful horses for *general purposes*; and although our two and three-year-old Stakes were in existence antecedent to that period, yet the war begat a *demand* for powerful cattle; and where there is a demand there will ever be a supply: but, since the Battle of Waterloo, the remote necessity for such horses has not been attended to by Government, and the consequence is, that when possibly they may be most wanted they are not to be obtained.

Foreigners who are suffered to purchase our best and finest stock export them almost solely for the purposes of breeding. This must not be forgotten. Not one thorough-bred horse in a hundred that leaves this country is destined to figure on the Turf. His energies are therefore not impaired by early training, nor is he ruined by forced exertion when very young; but his frame is allowed to become thoroughly developed before he is put to the stud, and his stock must therefore be more stout and promising than that of the racer whose strength is undermined by the ordeals through which he is doomed to pass in this country.

In a recent communication to the Editor of *Bell's Life in London*, from a correspondent in Germany, the writer, in giving an account of stag-hunting in that country with the Duke of Brunswick's hounds, says, "Colonel Gardenstadt, who is always well mounted, has some good sort of mares for breeding hunters as well as racers: he has The Colonel for a stallion, and Tableau and Fortunatus are but a short distance from him. With such appliances it would be strange if he did not breed something fit to carry him across the country. *Besides those horses, there are now standing in Celle, The Drum-Major, Flare-up, Helenus, Ibrahim (by Emilius), and two hundred other first-rate and fashionable stallions from England!*" Such an announcement must clearly demonstrate the great efforts made on the continent to improve the breed of horses; and the sums paid for the above stallions, all of the best blood this country can produce, shew that expense is not an object in the attainment of so great a desideratum. Even in England, we are unable to point out any place that can boast of a breeding establishment at all comparable to that of Celle. Constantly do we see strings of mares and stallions of the very best English blood wending their way to Dover, and destined to improve the continental breed; and if our



neighbours cannot breed fast enough for their purpose, they have only to make a contract for five or ten thousand horses with some patriotic English horse-dealer, and that "damned easy fellow" John Bull—*alias* John Fool—suffers them to be exported without a single attempt to curb the avarice which dictates the act of making the public good subservient to private interest. But there must be an end to this; and it is to be hoped that some remedy may be found both for the falling off in our *general* breed of horses, and for the unlimited sale of blood stock to nations who in all human probability *must* some day or other be our enemies.

I am glad to see that a Boulogne correspondent of the *Times* newspaper has lately taken up the subject of the exportation of horses from this country for the French cavalry, and has mentioned the sneers and taunts so liberally bestowed upon us by Monsieur Crapaud for kindly furnishing him with the means of successfully opposing us in the same should occasion require. Nor do I think the observation of PHŒNIX in your December Number—that the fact of the French being obliged to apply to us for cavalry horses is a proof that they have not been able to breed them for themselves—is at all conclusive, since the number of races and steeple-chases in this country, together with our rate of travelling, are likely at all times to bring a greater number of well-bred horses into our markets at a low price than can be found where the above amusements are not prevalent, and where the cumbersome vehicles of all descriptions used on the high roads require a species of horse totally unfitted for the saddle: moreover, the number of cavalry horses suddenly required by the French forced them also to enter into contracts for horses with dealers in Hanover, Belgium, Prussia, and other countries. What our railways may effect in diminishing the breed of fast cattle for road work in this country remains to be seen.

To recur to the observation I have already made of the superiority of Eclipse and Flying Childers over any other racers that have since appeared on our Turf, and to the supposition that their excellence may have been owing *in a great measure* to their not having undergone severe training at an early age—if the latent cause of the great want of power in the major part of our race-horses be found to lie in the immense Stakes to be gained by two and three-year-old horses—would it not be wise in the Government, as a counterbalance to them, to give large sums to be run for at long distances by four and five-year-olds *that have never previously run a match for money or gain of any kind*, and to let some check be also placed, in the shape of a high export duty, upon foreign dealers who buy up our best stock?

Our beautiful little Queen is, thank God! fond of horses, and there is reason to believe that Prince Albert is also imbued with a similar taste. Now is the time to strike a great blow at the root of the evils I have enumerated; and in order to enlist the feelings of these high and mighty Personages in "the good cause," I call upon all Sportsmen, to whom a fine horse is "as the breath of their nostrils," to lay in good store of pens, ink, and paper, and to set

stoutly to work to write upon the best mode of regenerating our breed, and preserving it to the country. There are many, very many, who can do this far better than myself. Your patriotic pages, I know, will be open to the attempt, and the fame of the *Sporting Magazine* shall be handed down to posterity as the organ by whose means Old England shall, centuries hence, still have to boast of a breed of horses unrivalled in the globe. AMATEUR.

[London (Old) Sporting Magazine for Jan., 1841.]

## Precepts and Practice ;

OR

### CURSORY CONVERSATIONS ON SPORTING MATTERS IN AMERICA.—No. V.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

It was still pitch dark, although the skies were quite clear and cloudless, when Harry, Frank, and the Commodore re-assembled on the following morning in Tom's best parlor, preparatory to the stag hunt which, as determined on the previous night, was to be their first sporting move in the valley. Early, however, as it was, Timothy had contrived to make a glorious fire upon the hearth, and to lay out a slight breakfast of biscuits, butter, and cold beef, flanked by a square case-bottle of Jamaica, and a huge jorum of boiled milk. Tom Draw had not yet made his appearance, but the sound of his ponderous tramp, mixed with strange oaths and loud vociferations, shewed that he was on foot and ready for the field.

"I'll tell you what, Master A——," said Archer, as he stood with his back to the fire, mixing some rum with sugar and cold water, previous to pouring the hot milk into it—"you'll be so cold in that light jacket on the stand this morning, that you'll never be able to hold your gun true if you get a shot. It froze quite hard last night, and there's some wind, too, this morning."

"That's very true"—replied the Commodore—"but devil a thing have I got else to wear, unless I put on my great coat, and that's too much the other way—too big and clumsy altogether. I shall do well enough, I dare say ; and after all, my drilling jacket is not much thinner than your fustian."

"No"—said Harry—"but you don't fancy I'm going out in this, do you?—No! no! I'm too old a hand for that sort of thing—I know that to shoot well, a man must be comfortable, and I mean to be so. Why, man, I shall put on my Canadian hunting shirt over this"—and with the word he slipped a loose frock, shaped much like a wagoner's smock, or a Flemish blouse, over his head, with large full sleeves, reaching almost to his knees, and belted round



his waist by a broad worsted sash. This excellent garment was composed of a thick coarse homespun woollen, bottle-green in color, with fringe and bindings of dingy red, to match the sash about his waist; from which was suspended an otter skin pouch, containing bullets and patches, nipple wrench and turn-screw, a bit of dry tow, an oiled rag, and all the indispensables for rifle cleaning; while into it were thrust two knives—one a broad two-edged implement, with a stout buck-horn haft, and a blade of at least twelve inches—the other a much smaller weapon, not being, hilt and all, half the length of the other's blade, but very strong, sharp as a razor, and of surpassing temper. While he was fitting all these to their proper places, and slinging under his left arm a small buffalo horn of powder—he continued talking—

"Now"—he said—"if you take my advice, you'll go into my room, and there, hanging against the wall, you'll find my winter shooting jacket, I had it made last year when I went up to Maine, of pilot-cloth, lined through with flannel. It will fit you just as well as your own, for we're pretty much of a size. Frank, there, will wear his old monkey jacket, the skirts of which he razeed last winter for the very purpose. Ah, here's Brower—just run up, Brower, and bring down my shooting jacket off the wall from behind the door—look sharp, will you!—Now, then, I shall load, and I advise you both to do likewise; for it's bad work doing that same with cold fingers."

Thus saying, he walked to the corner, and brought out his rifle—a heavy single barrel, carrying a ball of eighteen to the pound, quite plain but exquisitely finished. Before proceeding, however, to load, he tried the passage of the nipple with a fine needle—three or four of which, thrust into a cork, and headed with sealing-wax, formed a portion of the contents of his pouch—brushed the cone, and the inside of the hammer, carefully, and wiped them, to conclude, with a small piece of clean white kid—then measuring his powder out exactly, into a little charger screwed to the end of his ramrod, he inverted the piece, and introduced the rod upward till the cup reached the chamber; when, righting the gun, he withdrew it, leaving the powder all lodged safely at the breach, without the loss of a single grain in the groovings. Next he chose out a piece of leather, the finest grained kid, without a seam or wrinkle, slightly greased with the best watch-maker's oil—selected a ball perfectly round and true—laid the patch upon the muzzle, and placing the bullet exactly in the centre over the bore, buried it with a single rap of a small lignum vitæ mallet, which hung from his button-hole; and then, with but a trifling effort, drove it home by one steady thrust of the stout copper-headed charging-rod. This done, he again inspected the cone, and seeing that the powder was forced quite up into sight, picked out, with the same anxious scrutiny that had marked all of his proceedings, a copper cap, which he pronounced sure to go, applied it to the nipple, crushed it down firmly with the hammer, which he then drew back to half-cock, and bolted. Then he set the piece down by the fireside, drained his hot jorum, and—

"That fellow will do his work, and no mistake"—said he—"Now A——, here is my single gun"—handing to him, as he spoke, one of the handsomest Westley Richards a sportsman ever handled—"thirty-three inches, eight pounds, and eleven gauge. Put in one-third above that charger, which is its usual load, and one of these green cartridges, and I'll be bound that it will execute at eighty paces, and that is more than Master Frank there can say for his Manton Rifle, at least if he loads it with bullets patched in that slovenly and most unsportsmanlike fashion."

"I should like to know what the deuce you mean by slovenly and unsportsmanlike"—said Frank, pulling out of his breast pocket a couple of bullets, carefully sewed up in leather—"it is the best plan possible, and saves lots of time—you see I can just shove my balls in at once, without any bother of fitting patches."

"Yes"—replied Harry—"and five to one the seam, which, however neatly it is drawn must have a slight ridge, will cross the direction of the grooving, and give the ball a counter movement; either destroying altogether the rotatory motion communicated by the rifling, or causing it to take a direction quite out of the true line; accordingly as the counteraction is conveyed near the breach, or near the muzzle of the piece."

"Will so trifling a cause produce so powerful an effect?" inquired the Commodore.

"The least variety, whether of concavity or convexity, in the bullet, will do so unquestionably—and I cannot see why the same thing in a covering superinduced to the ball should not have the same effect. Even a hole in a pellet of shot will cause it to leave the charge and fly off at a tangent. I was once shooting in the fens of the Isle of Ely, and fired at a mallard sixty or sixty-five yards off, with double B shot, when to my great amazement a workman—digging peat at about the same distance from *me* with the bird, but at least ninety yards to the right of the mallard—roared out lustily that I had killed him. I saw that the drake was knocked over as dead as a stone, and consequently laughed at the fellow, and set it down as a cool trick to extort money, not uncommon among the fen men as applied to members of the University. I had just finished loading, and my retriever had just brought in the dead bird, which was quite riddled, cut up evidently by the whole body of the charge—both the wings broken, one in three places, one leg almost dissevered, and several shots in the neck and body—when up came my friend, and sure enough he was hit—one pellet had struck him on the cheek bone, and was imbedded in the skin. Half a crown, and a lotion of whisky—not applied to the part, but taken inwardly—soon proved a sovereign medicine, and picking out the shot with the point of a needle, I found a hole in it big enough to admit a pin's head, and about the twentieth part of an inch in depth. This I should think is proof enough for you—but, besides this, I have seen bullets in pistol-shooting play strange vagaries, glancing off from the target in all sorts of queer angles."

"Well! well!"—replied Frank, "my rifle shoots true enough for me—true enough to kill generally—and who the deuce can be

at the the bother of your pragmatistical preparations. I am sure it might be said of you, as it was of James the First, of most pacific and pedantic memory, that you are "Captain of arts and *Clerk* of arms"—at least you are a very pedant in gunnery."

"No! no!" said A——; "You're wrong there altogether, Master Forester; there is nothing on earth that makes so great a difference in sportsmanship as observation of small things. I don't call him a sportsman who can walk stoutly, and kill well, unless he can give causes for effects—unless he knows the haunts and habits both of his game and of his dogs—unless he can give a why for every wherefore!"

"Then devil a bit will you ever call me one"—answered Frank—"For I can't be at the trouble of thinking about it."

"Stuff—humbug—folly"—interrupted Archer—"you know a d—d deal better than that—and so do we, too!—you're only cranky! a little cranky, Frank, and given to defending any folly you commit without either rhyme or reason—as when you tried to persuade me that it was the safest thing in nature to pour gunpowder out of a canister into a pound flask, with a lighted cigar between your teeth; to demonstrate which you had scarcely screwed the top of the horn on before the lighted ashes fell all over it—had they done so a moment sooner, we should all have been blown out of the room."

By this time the Commodore had donned Harry's winter jacket, and Frank, grumbling and paradoxizing all the while, had loaded his rifle and buttoned up his pea-jacket, when in stalked Tom, swathed up to his chin in a stout dreadnought coat.

"What are ye lazin' here about?"—he shouted—"you're niver ready no how—Jem's been agone these two hours, and we'll jest be too late, and miss gittin' a shot—if so there be a buck—which I'll be swon there arn't!"

"Ha! ha!"—the Commodore burst out—"ha! ha! ha!—I should like to know which side the laziness has been on this morning, Mister Draw."

"On little wax skin's there"—answered the old man, as quick as lightning—"the little snoopin' critter carn't find his gloves now; though the nags is at the door, ond we all ready. We'll drink, boys, while he's lookin' arter 'em—and then when he's found *them*, and's jest a gittin' on his horse, he'll find he's left his powder-horn or knife, or somethin' else, behind him; and then we'll drink agin, while he snoops back to fetch it."

"You be hanged, you old rascal"—replied Forester, a little bothered by the huge shouts of laughter which followed this most strictly accurate account of his accustomed method of proceeding; an account which, by the way, was fully justified not twenty minutes afterwards, by his galloping back, neck or nothing, to get his pocket handkerchief, which he had left "*in course*," as Tom said, in his dressing-gown beside the fire.

"Come bustle—bustle!" Harry added, as he put on his hunting cap and pulled a huge pair of fawn boots on, reaching to the mid-thigh, which Timothy had garnished with a pair of bright English



spurs. In another minute they were all on horseback, trotting away at a brisk pace toward the little glen, wherein, according to Jem's last report, the stag was harbored. It was in vain that during their quick ride the old man was entreated to inform them where they were to take post, or what they were to do, as he would give them no reply, nor any information whatever. At last, however, when Forester rejoined them, after his return to the village, he turned short off from the high road to the left, and as he passed a set of bars into a wild hill pasture, struck into a hard gallop. Before them lay the high and ridgy head of Round Top, his flanks sloping down toward them, in two broad pineclad knobs, with a wild streamlet brawling down between them, and a thick tangled swamp of small extent, but full of tall dense thornbushes, matted with vines and catbriars, and carpeted with a rich undergrowth of fern and wintergreen, and whortleberries. To the right and left of the two knobs or spurs just mentioned, were other two deep gorges, or dry channels, bare of brushwood and stony—rock-walled, with steep precipitous ledges toward the mountain, but sloping easily up to the lower ridges. As they reached the first of these, Tom motioned Forester to stop. "Stand here"—he whispered—"close in here, jest behind this here crag—and look out hereaways toward the village. If he comes down this runway, kill him—but mind now you doosn't show a hair out of this corner; for Archer, he'll stand next, and if so be he crosses from the swamp hole hereaways, you'll chance to get a bullet. Be still, now, as a mouse, and tie your horse here in the cove!—Now, lads"—and off he set again, rounded the knob, and making one slight motion toward the nook, wherein he wished that Harry should keep guard, wheeled back in utter silence, and very slowly—for they were now close to the spot wherein, as they supposed, the object of their chase was laid up; and as yet but two of his paths were guarded toward the plain; Jem and his comrades having long since got with the hounds into his rear, and waiting only for the rising of the sun to lay them on, and push along the channel of the brook; which would compel him to break covert, either directly from the swamp or by one of the dry gorges mentioned. Now, therefore, was the crisis of the whole matter; for if—before the other passes were made good—the stag should take alarm, he might steal off without affording a chance of a shot, and get into the mountains to the right, where they might hunt him for a week in vain. No marble statue could stand more silently or still than Harry and his favorite grey, who, with erected ears and watchful eye, trembling a little with excitement, seemed to know what he was about, and to enjoy it no less keenly than his rider. Tom and the Commodore, quickening their pace as they got out of ear-shot, retraced their steps quite back to the turnpike road, along which Harry saw them gallop furiously in a few minutes, and turn up half a mile off toward the farther gulley—he saw no more, however; though he felt certain that the Commodore was, scarce ten minutes after he lost sight of them, standing within twelve paces of him, at the farther angle of the swamp—Tom having warily determined that the two single guns should take post

together, while the two doubles should be placed where the wild quarry could get off encountering but a single sportsman.

It was a period of intense excitement before the sun rose, though it was of short duration—but scarcely had his first rays touched the open meadow, casting a huge grey shadow from the rounded hill-top, covering half the valley, while all the farther slope was laughing in broad light, the mist wreaths curling up, thinner and thinner every moment from the broad streamlet in the bottom, which here and there flashed out exultingly from its wood-covered margins—scarcely had his first rays topped the hill, before a distant shout came swelling on the air down the ravine, announcing Jem's approach. No hound gave tongue, however, nor did a rustle in the brake, or any sound of life, give token of the presence of the game—louder and nearer drew the shouts—and now Harry himself began to doubt if there were any truth in Jem's relation, when suddenly the sharp quick crack of Forester's rifle gave token that the game was afoot—a loud yell from that worthy followed, "Look out! Mark—back—mark back!"—and keenly Archer did look out, and warily did he listen—once he detected, or fancied he detected, a rustling of the underwood, and the crack of a dry stick, and dropping his reins on the horse's neck, he cocked his rifle—but the sound was not repeated, nor did anything come into sight—so he let down the hammer once again, and resumed his silent watch—saying to himself—"Frank fired too quick, and he has headed up the brook to Jem. If he is forward enough now, we shall have him back instantly with the hounds at his heels; but if he has loitered and hung back, 'over the hills and far away' is the word for this time." But Jem was in his place, and in another moment a long whoop came ringing down the glen, and the shrill yelping rally of the hounds as they all opened on a view together!—fiercer and wilder grew the hubbub!—and now the eager watcher might hear the brushwood burst in all directions by the impetuous passage of the wild deer and his inveterate pursuers. "Now, then, it is old Tom's chance or ours," he thought, "for he will not try Forester again, I warrant him, and we are all down wind of him, so he can't judge of our whereabouts." In another second the bushes crashed to his left hand, and behind him, while the dogs were raving scarcely a pistol-shot off, in the tangled swamp. Yet he well knew that if the stag should break there it would be A——'s shot, and though anxious, he kept his eye fixed steadily on his own point, holding his good piece cocked and ready!

"Mark! Harry—Mark him"—a loud yell from the Commodore.

The stag had broken midway between them, in full sight of A——, and seeing him, had wheeled off to the right—he was now sweeping onward across the open field with high graceful bounds, tossing his antlered head aloft, as if already safe, and little hurt, if anything, by Jem Lyn's boasted shot of the last evening. The grey stood motionless, trembling, however, palpably, in every limb, with eagerness—his ears laid flat upon his neck, and cowering a little, as if he feared the shot, which it would seem his instinct told him to expect. Harry had dropped his reins once more, and levelled



his unerring rifle—yet for a moment's space he paused, waiting for A—— to fire—there was no hurry for himself—nay a few seconds more would give him a yet fairer shot, for the buck now was running partially toward him, so that a moment more would place him broadside on, and within twenty paces.

"Bang!" came the full and round report of A——'s large shotgun, fired before the beast was fifteen yards away from him. He had aimed at the head, as he was forced to do, least he should spoil the haunches, as he was running now directly from him—and had the buck been fifty paces off he would have killed him dead, lodging his whole charge, or the best part of it, in the junction of the neck and scull—but as it was, the cartridge—the *green* cartridge—had not yet spread at all; nor had one buckshot left the case!—Whistling like a single ball, as it passed Harry's front eight or nine yards off, it drove, as his quick eye discovered, clean through the stag's right ear, almost dis severing it, and making the animal bound six feet off the green sward—just as he touched the earth again, alighting from his mighty spring, with an aim sure and steady, and a cool practised finger, he drew his trigger, and quick as light the piece—well loaded, as its dry crack announced—discharged its ponderous missile!—but bad luck on it—even at that very instant—just in the point of time wherein the charge was ignited—eighteen or twenty quail, flushed by the hubbub of the hounds, rose with a loud and startling whirr, on every side of the grey horse, under his belly and about his ears, so close as almost to brush him with their wings—he bolted and reared up—yet even at that disadvantage the practised rifleman missed not his aim entirely—though he erred somewhat—and the wound in consequence was not quite deadly. The ball which he had meant for the heart, his sight being taken under the fore-shoulder, was raised and thrown forward by the motion of the horse, and passed clean through the neck close to the blade bone. Another leap, wilder and loftier than the last, yet still the stag dashed onward, with the blood gushing out in streams from the wide wound, though as yet neither speed nor strength appeared to be impaired, so fleetly did he scour the meadow.

"He will cross Frank"—cried Archer—"yet! Mark! mark him, Forester"—but as he spoke, he set his rifle down against the fence, and holloed to the hounds, which instantly—obedient to his well-known and cheery whoop—broke covert in a body and settled, heads up and sterns down, to the blazing scent.

At the same moment A—— came trotting out from his post, gun in hand; while at a thundering gallop, blaspheming awfully as he came on, and rating them for "know-nothings, and blunderin' eternal spoil-sports," Tom rounded the farther hill, and spurred across the level. By this time they were all in sight of Forester, who stood on foot, close to his horse, in the mouth of the last gorge, the buck running across him sixty yards off, and quartering a little from him toward the road—the hounds were, however, all midway between him and the quarry, and as the ground sloped steeply from the marksman, he was afraid of firing low—but took a long, and, as it seemed, sure aim at the head.

The rifle flashed—a tine flew, splintered by the bullet, from the brow antler, not an inch above the eye.

“Give him the other!”—shouted Archer—“give him the other barrel!”

But Frank shook his head spitefully, and dropped the muzzle of his piece.

“By h—ll, then, he’s forgot his bullets—and hadn’t nothen to load up agen, when he missed the first time!”

“Ha! ha! ha!”—roared once again the Commodore—“ha! ha! hah!—ha ha!”—till rock and mountain rang again.

“By the eternal!”—exclaimed Draw, perfectly frantic with passion and excitement—“By thunder, A——, I guess you’d laugh if your best friends was all a dyin’ at your feet. You would for sartin!—But look, look!—what the plague’s Harry goin’ at?”—

For when he saw that Forester had now, for some reason or other, no farther means, Archer had set spurs to his horse, and dashed away at a hard furious gallop after the wounded buck. The hounds, which had lost sight of it as it leaped a high stone wall with much brush round the base of it, were running fast and furious on the scent—but still, though flagging somewhat in his speed, the stag was leaving them. He had turned, as the last shot struck his horns, down hill, as if to cross the valley; but immediately, as if perceiving that he had passed the last of his enemies, turned up again toward the mountain, describing an arc, almost, in fact a semicircle, from the point where he had broken covert to that—another gully, at perhaps a short mile’s distance—for which he was now aiming.

Across the chord, then, of this arc, Harry was driving furiously, with the intent, as it would seem, to cut him off from the gulley—the stone wall crossed his line, but not a second did he pause for it, but gave his horse both spurs, and lifting him a little, landed him safely at the other side. Frank mounted rapidly, dashed after him, and soon passed A——, who was less aptly mounted for a chase—he likewise topped the wall, and disappeared beyond it, though the stones flew where the bay struck the coping with his heels. All pluck to the back bone, the Commodore craned not nor hesitated, but dashed the colt, for the first time in his life, at the high barrier—he tried to stop, but could not, so powerfully did his rider cram him—leaped short, and tumbled head over heels, carrying half the wall away with him, and leaving a gap as if a wagon had passed through it—to Tom’s astonishment and agony—for he supposed the colt destroyed for ever. Scarcely, however, had A—— gained his feet, before a sight met his eyes, which made him leave the colt, and run as fast as his legs could carry him toward the scene of action.

The stag, seeing his human enemy so near, had strained every nerve to escape, and Harry, desperately rash and daring, seeing he could not turn or head him, actually spurred upon him counter to broadside, in hope to ride him down; foiled once again, in this—his last hope, as it seemed—he drew his longest knife, and as—a quarter of a second too late only—he crossed behind the buck, he

swung himself half out of his saddle, and striking a full blow, succeeded in hamstringing him; while the grey, missing the support of the master hand, stumbled and fell upon its head. Horse, stag, and man, all rolled upon the ground within the compass of ten yards—the terrified and wounded deer, striking out furiously in all directions—so that it seemed impossible that Archer could escape some deadly injury—while to increase the fury and the peril of the scene the hounds came up, and added their fresh fierceness to the fierce confusion. Before, however, A—— came up, Harry had gained his feet, drawn his small knife—the larger having luckily flown many yards as he fell—and running in behind the struggling quarry, seized the brow antler, and at one strong and skilful blow, severed the weasand and the jugular—one gush of dark red gore—one plunging effort, and the superb and stately beast lay motionless for ever—while the loud death halloo rang over the broad valley—all fears, all perils, utterly forgotten in the strong rapture of that thrilling moment.

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## REMARKS ON OUR FASHIONABLE RACING STALLIONS.

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BY A QUIET AND EASY OBSERVER.

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AT this period of the year, when the attention of breeders is anxiously turned to the choice of Stallions, a few observations on their blood, performances, and general character may not be deemed unworthy of notice. Experience has shewn that the breeding of blood stock cannot be regulated by any rule—a good deal *must* be left to chance. How often do we see the finest and speediest filly of the day, with the most approved blood flowing in her veins, the most despised animal in the breeding establishment; while, on the other hand, fillies of inferior note on the racing list become dams of winners of great Stakes, after having been all but drafted to commence a new career in some posting establishment? We need only take a few of the Oaks' winners within the last dozen or fourteen years to shew that breeding cannot be settled by the Rule of Three. Let us just select the following true and honest racing fillies, winners of the Oaks at Epsom, beating in most instances large and powerful Fields, and see what the produce has been in each case, after having had the "pick of the basket" of our most noted and approved racing stallions.

Gulnare, winner of the Oaks in 1827, beating a large Field of eighteen, and also a very stout and speedy runner, never produced a racer worth the expense of getting, although her Noble Owner spared neither expense nor care in the management of his favorite.

Variation, winner of the Oaks in the following year, and a runner scarcely inferior to any of her year, although she figured in a time



when first-rate horses were as "plentiful as blackberries," never has thrown a colt or filly worth twopence.

Oxygen, a mare of the most approved pedigree, and a racer of no mean character, having won the Oaks against *twenty others*—amongst them Circassian and Delight, two fillies said at the time by their owners, Mr. Houldsworth and Mr. J. Sadler, to be the most promising and speedy fillies ever sent out of their establishment—yet Oxygen's produce has turned out the softest things at Newmarket.

Circassian never had a colt or filly that could race with a third-rater; and

Delight, sold I believe abroad, has, I have been told, failed as a brood mare.

It would occupy too much time were I to enumerate all the "extremes," *i. e.* good runners and bad breeders—that have come under my immediate notice; I shall therefore only name the following very superior fillies, not one of which has produced up to this time a racer of the most common order:—Fleur-de-lis, Varna, Lady Sarah, Lucetta, Camarine, Matilda (winner of the Leger in 1827, beating Mameluke and twenty-four others), Bessy Bedlam, Bobadilla, Blue Stockings (General Grosvenor's), and Whisk. On the other hand, despised mares, sold out of the stud for a mere song, have produced the first racers of the day, to wit, The Saddler's dam, sold when in foal to The Saddler for something under £20; and the dam of Crucifix, with the "best filly in the world" at her side, for something under 60 guineas, &c. &c.

Let us, however, touch at the List of Stallions advertised for the ensuing year.

EMILIUS, by Orville out of Emily\*, certainly commands the first attention. As a runner Emilius proved himself the best horse of his day; and perhaps few Derbys have been won with more ease than that of 1823, when he carried it off from a small (eleven started) but respectable Field. With a sufficiency of speed to enable him to win his engagements at Newmarket, he combined that excellent qualification in a racer—stoutness—in an eminent degree. Under these circumstances he was at all times a very formidable customer, whether over a short, flat, or long hilly course. Emilius's stock, in general, turn very much after him, being most remarkable for "running on," and no stallion of modern days can boast of being the sire of so many great public winners. Amongst others of a very high degree may be named the following:—Priam, winner of the Derby 1830, *twenty-three started*, and second for the Leger, twenty-eight ran; Riddlesworth, winner of the Riddlesworth, Two Thousand Guineas, and Newmarket Stakes in 1831, and second for the Derby; Oxygen, winner of the Oaks in 1831, and a fine specimen of speed and stoutness; Plenipotentiary, winner of the Derby in 1834, beating twenty-two others, and said to have been the most perfect racer at three years old ever known; Mango, winner of the Leger in 1837, beating, by downright stoutness, twelve

\* As the pedigrees are given in the list of stallions advertised to cover, it is unnecessary to give them here.

others. Besides these can be mentioned Preserve, a most capital runner at three years old, and winner of the Thousand Guineas Stakes in 1835; Barcarolle, winner of the Thousand Guineas in 1838; Euclid, a clever winner at Newmarket, and one of the gamest animals ever foaled, having run a most punishing "dead heat" for the St. Leger 1839 with Charles XII., and only defeated in the second heat by a head; Confusionée, a filly of good racing recommendations; Theon, and a host of others. Emilius is the property of that thorough-bred racing gentleman, Mr. Thornhill, of Riddlesworth, and is rising twenty-one years old.—Mr. Thornhill has a very promising son of Emilius in the next year's Derby, named Eringo, own Brother to Mango: the odds against this colt winning are 20 to 3.

Mr. Theobald's establishment at Stockwell, within half an hour's ride from Hyde Park Corner, ought to be visited by all lovers of racing stock. The greatest attention and civility is there very strictly observed; and the managing man, James Gardiner, is an excellent example to many holding similar situations. CAMEL, the popular Camel, is deservedly the "Lion" of the Stable; yet many good judges seem disposed to contest the point of superiority, and name ROCKINGHAM. The performances of Camel make it beyond a doubt that he was the speediest horse of his day—as he unquestionably is the finest in point of symmetry: his forehand is perfect. For some time he was rather unpopular as a stallion, nor was it till Touchstone had shewn as the best horse of his day that the prejudice of the breeding gentry was got over. Since then Camel's blood has been duly appreciated, and few stallions are better supplied with first-rate mares than this son of old Whalebone. Besides Touchstone (who won the St. Leger in 1834, beating the celebrated Plenipotentiary, General Chassé, Bran, &c.), Camel is the sire of the following first-rate runners:—Caravan, ran second for the Derby in 1837, and *ought to have won*; Westonian, a good winner at two and three years old; Launcelot, winner of the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, second for the Derby, and winner of the St. Leger; Black Bess, a filly of very fine shape and action; Chameleon, winner of the Clearwell and Prendergast Stakes this year, and a rattling favorite for the Derby; and many others. Rockingham has not had a sufficient time to become a leading favorite among the breeders, this being the first year of his stock appearing in public; but if public performances and fine racing points ought to make a stallion popular, Rockingham must have a glorious run. In 1833 Rockingham won the St. Leger, beating Mussulman, Muley Moloch, Belshazzar, Revenge, and fifteen others, quite easy; and on the Thursday he won the Gold Cup, beating all the best horses in the North. In 1834 he ran a capital second to Glaucus (who was in beautiful condition) for the Ascot Cup; and in the following year he won the Goodwood Cup from a large field, beating all the best horses in the South.—Lord Exeter has a very racing-like colt named Cesarewitch, by Rockingham out of Drum Major's dam, in the Derby, and 30 to 1 has been taken to some amount about his winning. Should the thing "come off"



right, it will give Rockingham a "prodigious lift." Camel is 18 years old, and Rockingham rising 11 years.

DEFENCE, the property of that excellent judge of racing in all its branches, Mr. Isaac Sadler, was a racer of the first class, and the Calendar will testify his well-earned popularity as a stallion. In 1826 Defence started for the Derby, and was well up at the finish. That this race was not truly run (Lapdog was the winner) is so well known by the performances of the favorites in the same year subsequently to the race coming off, that it is but fair to suppose Defence and Shakspeare were the two best horses (as indeed they really were) in that great event of the year. Defence's stock have turned out amazingly fine and powerful animals; amongst many others deserving of particular notice I shall only select the following, being sufficient to support the horse's claim to his well-merited popularity:—Defender, one of the finest two-year-olds ever seen, and a capital winner at that age:—Deception, a mare too well known to require any praise from me; she won the Oaks, after having run second to Bloomsbury for the Derby (many think she ought to have won), beating twelve others in a common canter: her other races also prove her to be a very superior mare:—Lalla Rookh won five times at two years old, and against the "most deserving" in the Liverpool district!—Defendant, a very fine animal, and sold to Lord Lichfield for 1200gs. after his Ascot race: he would no doubt have proved a "clipper" for the Derby this year had he not unfortunately for his Noble Owner gone "dead amiss;" and not all the tender management bestowed upon him by John Day, at Newmarket, could bring him round to meet his numerous engagements, for several of which third-raters walked away with the Stakes—a most mortifying circumstance to any one having a good horse laboring under a temporary infirmity. Defence is seventeen years old, and is as sound in constitution as when he was foaled. A visit to Stockbridge would amply repay any gentleman fond of seeing "how the thing ought to be done" in a racing establishment.

VENISON, who served mares at Stockbridge last season, is, I am informed, to take up his quarters at the same place for the ensuing year. The wonderful performance of this capital little horse as a three-year-old must be in the remembrance of all sporting men. He is got by Partisan out of Fawn, and had a fair quantity of mares last year.

Of LANGAR as a stallion of the first class I have little to say, save that few horses have got better stock from all sorts of mares. The superiority of Elis (winner of the Leger in 1836 and many other great races) rose Langar's fame to the present pitch of favoritism; and since that period his stock have been eagerly sought for by foreigners as well as by our "home merchants." Langer is the sire of Vulture (one of the fastest mares of her day), Potentate (a horse remarkable for his numerous victories—in 1839 *he was placed first in fifteen races*)—Montreal, Epirus, Epidaurus, and Prince Albert. He is a fine specimen of the Selim blood—a blood remarkable for speed.

Old TAURUS, once the quickest animal over the T. Y. C. at Newmarket by *ten pounds*, has become a stallion of consequence. Upon looking over his numerous races it will be found that he has defeated some horses of great character at considerable disadvantages as to weight. His stock have the credit of running well; and although it is argued by some that they are deficient in stoutness, yet I think time will prove to the contrary. The running of Flambeau, Assassin, Io, King of the Peak, and Minx, must get Taurus his share of mares this season. He is by Phantom or Morisco, and is a fine animal.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for Jan., 1841.

### BLOOD—THOROUGH BREEDING—THEORY OF SAGITTARIUS.

THROUGHOUT all nature we observe varieties in the same species of living things. These are as remarkable in the vegetable as in the animal kingdom—in the apple, pear, peach and plum, as in dogs and horses, and the characteristics of each variety are as strongly marked. In the animal kingdom the varieties are termed *racés, breeds, bloods,* &c., and they are distinguished by physical characteristics belonging to that particular variety. Any animal descended from others whose blood is derived entirely from ancestors of *one particular* race, variety, or breed, is a thorough-bred animal. Hence the terms blood, thorough-bred, &c., always have reference to a *particular variety*.

A thorough-bred greyhound means one descended from the greyhound *variety* of the canine *species*, without having in his veins the blood of any other variety. A thorough-bred horse I understand to be one whose ancestors were all of *one variety*. A Shetland pony may be as thorough-bred a horse as Flying Childers. But by common consent, in common parlance in England and the United States, by *thorough-bred*, in speaking of a race-horse, we mean especially one descended entirely from the Eastern variety—Arabian, Barb, or Turk. These I believe to be only modifications of the same variety, resulting from local and other accidental causes. The distinguishing characteristics of each variety are derived from that variety, and are its indices. So far, then, as variety or blood is concerned in producing characteristics, those of precisely the same blood must have the same in kind, however differing in degree. To attribute their change of characteristics, or their modification, to thorough-breeding or purity of blood, seems to me not only unphilosophical, but contrary to all experience. In fact, it amounts to this proposition, that the same causes in the same circumstances produce different effects. But while blood or variety in the same circumstances uniformly produce the same characteristics in kind, there are other causes which greatly modify them, and give preponderance to some of them, changing their relation to each other.

A very ingenious writer in the October number of the "Turf Register" "On the Too Thorough Breeding of the Race-Horse," expresses the opinion, that in the race-horse, speed is a quality more transmissible to his progeny than bottom.

The expression of this idea, however erroneous, will do good. For, it will lead to the consideration of the subject, and to the ascertainment of the causes which have made speed the prevailing characteristic of the English race-horses. That they have generally become more remarkable for speed is admitted, and this fact is, I presume, the foundation on which Sagittarius bases his theory. In the United States, too, race-horses have become more speedy, but the relation existing between speed and bottom has not been altered, I think, in so great a degree as in England. Horses of the very same variety or blood, in Asia and Africa, although remarkable for the same general characteristics as their English and American thorough-blooded relations, are more remarkable for bottom and the ability to repeat their exertions than for speed.

Now the English and American race-horses being of the same variety or blood as the Asiatic and African, they must have the same characteristics, as far as blood is concerned in producing them—and if they vary, as they manifestly do, in different countries, we must look for the causes, not in the blood or breeding, but in other circumstances. Sagittarius is aware that the Arabian ancestors of the English horses, with equal bottom, never showed any comparison with them in speed; and hence the English horses have always vanquished them in every contest in India and Russia, where the distance run was a racing one, or not extending to many hours' exertion, with or without intervals of rest. Now if speed be more transmissible than bottom, in consequence of *too thorough breeding*, or is a characteristic of the race-horse, how is it that their thorough-bred Arabian ancestors have not transmitted this characteristic to their posterity in Asia, while in England and America the same thorough breeding from the same variety is thought to have had that effect. If too thorough breeding were the cause, it would operate in Asia as well as in England or America. If speed in the race-horse were more transmissible than bottom, the Arabian horse, as well as the English, would have acquired a greater relative speed, for the breeding among the Arabs is certainly as thorough as in England. Nor can I arrive at the conclusion that speed and bottom are antagonistic characteristics. Their relative proportions may and do vary greatly, yet that may be justly attributed to other causes, as I shall attempt to shew.

All experience goes to prove that the husbanding the power of a very swift horse, or *bottling up*, as it is termed, enables him not only to compete with, but to vanquish a much more hard-bottomed competitor. Indeed, if the slower horse, no matter what may be his bottom, cannot run fast enough to put his swifter rival to *tiresome exertion*, the latter will play along at his ease until in the last stretch, when he will dash ahead and beat him. There can be no reason to believe that crossing the race-horse variety on others would give more bottom. Neither in this country nor in England



are the mixed blooded horses harder bottomed than the thoroughbred race-horse. Horses of the same blood are swifter if raised in England or the United States than in Asia or Africa. And those raised in the latter can endure longer continued exertion, especially if any considerable breathing time is given; or, if the expression is preferred, speed is more transmissible in America and England, and bottom in Asia and Africa, but not from too thorough breeding. The causes are to be found in those circumstances that modify the varieties of all living things. The same blood that transmits greater speed in one country will transmit greater bottom in another; and the prevailing characteristics thus modified go on increasing in each country till they reach the maximum. *Climate, soil, food, and treatment*, are the causes of the differences not only in the race-horses of the same blood in different countries, but of all organized creatures, from the Cryptogamic moss to the lordly animal called Man. Every variety is modified, and has the relations existing in its characteristics affected by these powerful physical agents. The race-horse in England, descended from the Arabian, in each successive generation becomes larger, more fleshy, less firm in his texture, but stronger, though not in proportion to size, capable of greater exertion, but for a shorter time than his smaller, leaner, more flinty, wire-tendoned ancestors. And why? In England the climate is cooler, more moist, the vegetation more abundant and succulent, the soil softer, less rocky, less sandy, more calcareous, and the treatment of the horse is widely different. To develop his powers at the earliest period, to give him size, and to bring him into public even at two and three years old, is all the fashion.

They have not neglected the old Prunella blood; not they. But climate, soil, and treatment, have increased the speed more than the bottom of her posterity, and as Sagittarius very justly remarks, their great stakes being for short distances is the effect and not the cause. The style of racing is always governed by the style of horses we have to run. Still it is the impression in England that thoroughbred horses that can go the pace are not deficient in bottom, and hence their short distances do not imply the opinion that their horses have not bottom, but that they prefer great speed as a test of excellence.

In the United States the race-horses are swifter than the Arabian; and in the warmer States, where the soil is sandy and the herbage more scanty, and the atmosphere drier, they have more bottom than the English horses, in proportion to their speed, and they will continue to have more; while those in the North and West will have more speed—as much, I believe, *cæteris paribus*, as the English horses. In the North and West the same effect will be produced that has been in England, from the operation of the same causes, wherever the soil is not too rich and calcareous. The best race-horses in the world, possessing both speed and bottom in just proportion, have been, and I think ever will be, those of pure Arabian blood, on which a cooler climate, more generous food, a less sandy soil, and judicious treatment, have just had time to give greater size, strength and power, without having materially diminished



the characteristics of their desert-bred ancestors. This does not often happen in the first few generations removed from the imported Arabian. The Devonshire Childers, bred by Mr. Childers in 1715, got by the Darley Arabian, out of Betty Leedes, is the most remarkable instance of a horse of the first generation in England possessing both speed and bottom. His reputation for speed is greater than that of Lord Chedworth's Regulus, bred in 1739, got by the Godolphin Arabian, out of Grey Robinson. But both their dams were English-bred mares, although of pure Arabian blood. The daughter of Regulus, Spiletta, produced that prodigy O'Kelley's Eclipse, bred by Sir Robert Eden in 1764. He was the third in descent from the Godolphin Arabian, through his dam, Spiletta, and the fifth from the Darley Arabian through Marske, his sire. While he yet preserved the characteristics of his race, the soil and climate of England gave him a height of sixty-six inches over the withers, and of sixty-seven over the rump, with the best corresponding proportions in every part—a rare combination of Asiatic and European excellence!

It is remarkable that in some families the first combination producing both speed and bottom, resists the influence of external causes in a much greater degree than in others. This is well worth the attention of breeders. The descendants of Snap have perhaps retained their Arabian characteristics, while they have acquired great speed, in a greater degree than those of most other horses in England and in this country. Such also yield more slowly to the enlarging influences of cooler climates, richer soils, &c. Prunella herself received from her dam (Promise by Snap) her bottom, in a much greater degree than from Highflyer, her sire, although he received through Herod, from Tartar, a large share of the same characteristic. The Medley horses have also retained in a remarkable degree both their small size and bottom, derived from Arminda by Snap. Whenever a family is found to increase much and rapidly in size from generation to generation, it will be found that their prevailing characteristic is yielding rapidly to the influence of climate, soil, &c.

Take a colony of Arab men and women to England, or to Western Pennsylvania, and let them keep the Arab blood pure by intermarriages with one another only, but feed them on roast beef, plum pudding, pork, and potatoes, and let them drink beer and buttermilk, and remain stationary in houses, instead of riding at speed in the hot sun over sandy deserts, and in a few generations there will be men among them much larger and stronger than their ancestors, who for fifty yards would outrun a whole tribe of Bedouins. But they would run him down in a few minutes.

I will not here repeat what I have said on a former occasion on the influence of geological formation and its consequences, combined with the effects of climate. The sand and heat can get out of the system of living things as well as into it. They give durability and bottom—a small, lean, and stringy conformation, but great power of endurance to horses and other animals. American Eclipse exhibits a fine combination of speed and bottom. He gets power

from Messenger, speed from Diomed and the soil, climate, and food of New York, and bottom both from Duroc's dam, Amanda by Grey Diomed (by Medley, out of Arminda by Snap,) and from the Pot-8-o's mare, the dam of Miller's-damsel, whose dam was got by Gimcrack, the sire of Medley.

These remarks may seem very fanciful, but they are the results of observation on the effects of soil, climate, &c., on animals and vegetables. The analogies existing between them are both numerous and striking, affording much food for thought. I will here take occasion to express another opinion, which may be considered in England and in this country equally fanciful. It is this: In the estimate of race-horses descended from the Darley and Godolphin Arabians, too little merit has been attributed to other horses, to whose blood the success of their descendants is in no slight degree justly attributable. Two other horses in particular, the ancestors of many of the mares from which have descended the finest race-horses in England and this country, are scarcely ever mentioned, and certainly not with that distinction which is lavished on these illustrious animals, while their success as the sires has, in my opinion, been owing in a great degree to the blood of the dams. The Curwen Bay Barb and the White D'Arcey Turk (the sire of Hautboy) are the horses to which I allude. Never were there finer materials on which to operate than the Darley and Godolphin Arabians had in the mares descended from these two horses. Possessing indomitable game and untiring bottom, the mares descended from them had proved their great value by the success of their descendants in many well-contested struggles, before their later posterity, by combination with the Darley and Godolphin Arabians, produced a Regulus, Eclipse, Highflyer, Almanzor, &c. Need I mention, to sustain this opinion, the names of Soreheels, Partner, the dam of Crab, Brocklesby, Brocklesby Betty, Creeping Molly, Hip, and that little prodigy, Mixbury, who, although only 54 inches high, could not find in all England more than three horses who could live with him in a race? All these, and many others equally distinguished, are the lineal descendants of the Curwen Bay Barb. And from the D'Arcey White Turk are descended a posterity equally illustrious, among which I recollect Hautboy, Cannon, Grey Royal, Clumsy Fox, Appleyard's Conqueror, the dam of Snap, &c. In tracing the pedigrees of the most renowned horses, how often do we arrive at the names of the Curwen Bay Barb and the D'Arcey White Turk? Their descendants through Snap and Crab alone should place them on a level with the Darley and Godolphin Arabians; for they have still retained the characteristic hardihood and bottom of Arabians, while they have acquired the speed of the best English horses.

The conclusion of the whole matter at which I have arrived, whether just or not, is this: That in race-horses, as in other animals, and in vegetables even, the characteristics resulting from variety or particular blood, which are in any country most modified by climate, soil, &c., will be the most remarkable and the most transmissible in that country, and they will go on increasing till they reach the maximum limit allowed by the organic formation given to

each variety by the Creator, so that the greater transmissibility of any characteristic does not depend on too thorough breeding, but on those external causes which modify each variety, and would be, or rather might be, changed by change of those causes. The natural effect of modifying causes is undoubtedly increased or diminished, accelerated or retarded, by the mode of breeding. When animals of any variety, remarkable for any characteristic, are selected to breed together, the effect of the modifying causes is undoubtedly increased. Hence the effects of soil, climate, &c., on the English and American race-horses receive additional momentum from their style of breeding. Any tendency impressed by external causes may be increased by the selection and combination of those individuals on which those causes have operated in the greatest degree. Yet take these to a different country, and the characteristics would be gradually changed, and those would ultimately be most transmissible which are impressed by external physical causes. Such at least is the impression of

CURIOSUS.

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## DEER HUNTING.

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BY J. J. AUDUBON.

THE different modes of destroying Deer are probably too well understood and too successfully practised in the United States; for, notwithstanding the almost incredible abundance of these beautiful animals in our forests and prairies, such havoc is carried on amongst them, that, in a few centuries, they will probably be as scarce in America as the Great Bustard now is in Britain.

We have three modes of hunting Deer, each varying in some slight degree, in the different States and Districts. The first is termed *Still Hunting*, and is by far the most destructive. The second is called *Firelight Hunting*, and is next in its exterminating effects. The third, which may be looked upon as a mere amusement, is named *Driving*. Although many Deer are destroyed by this latter method, it is not by any means so pernicious as the others. These methods I shall describe separately.

*Still Hunting* is followed as a kind of trade by most of our frontier men. To be practised with success, it requires great activity, an expert management of the rifle, and a thorough knowledge of the forest, together with an intimate acquaintance with the habits of the Deer, not only at different seasons of the year, but also at every hour of the day, as the hunter must be aware of the situations which the game prefers, and in which it is most likely to be found, at any particular time. I might here present you with a full account of the habits of our Deer, were it not my intention to lay before you, at some future period, in the form of a distinct work, the observations which I have made on the various Quadrupeds of our extensive territories.



Illustrations of any kind require to be presented in the best possible light. We will therefore suppose that we are now about to follow the *true hunter*, as the Still Hunter is called, through the interior of the tangled woods, across morasses, ravines, and such places, where the game may prove more or less plentiful, even should none be found there in the first instance. We will allow our hunter all the agility, patience, and care, which his occupation requires, and will march in his rear, as if we were spies, watching all his motions.

His dress, you observe, consists of a leather hunting shirt, and a pair of trowsers of the same material. His feet are well moccasined; he wears a belt round his waist; his heavy rifle is resting on his brawny shoulder; on one side hangs his ball-pouch, surmounted by the horn of an ancient Buffalo, once the terror of the herd, but now containing a pound of the best gunpowder; his butcher knife is scabbarded in the same strap, and behind is a tomahawk, the handle of which has been thrust through his girdle. He walks with so rapid a step, that probably few men could follow him, unless for a short distance, in their anxiety to witness his ruthless deeds. He stops, looks at the flint of his gun, its priming, and the leather cover of the lock, then glances his eye towards the sky, to judge of the course most likely to lead him to the game.

The heavens are clear, the red glare of the morning sun gleams through the lower branches of the lofty trees, the dew hangs in pearly drops at the top of every leaf. Already has the emerald hue of the foliage been converted into the more glowing tints of our autumnal months. A slight frost appears on the fence-rails of his little corn-field. As he proceeds, he looks to the dead foliage under his feet, in search of the well known traces of a buck's hoof. Now he bends toward the ground, on which something has attracted his attention. See! he alters his course, increases his speed, and will soon reach the opposite hill. Now, he moves with caution, stops at almost every tree, and peeps forward, as if already within shooting distance of the game. He advances again, but how very slowly! He has reached the declivity, upon which the sun shines in all its growing splendor; but mark him! he takes the gun from his shoulder, has already thrown aside the leathern cover of the lock, and is wiping the edge of his flint with his tongue. Now he stands like a monumental figure, perhaps measuring the distance that lies between him and the game, which he has in view. His rifle is slowly raised, the report follows, and he runs. Let us run also. Shall I speak to him, and ask him the result of this first essay? Assuredly, reader, for I know him well.

"Pray, friend, what have you killed?" for to say, "what have you shot at?" might imply the possibility of his having missed, and so might hurt his feelings? "Nothing but a Buck." "And where is it?" "Oh, it has taken a jump or so, but I settled it, and will soon be with it. My ball struck, and must have gone through his heart." We arrive at the spot, where the animal had laid itself down among the grass in a thicket of grape-vine, sumachs, and spruce-bushes,



where it intended to repose during the middle of the day. The place is covered with blood, the hoofs of the deer have left deep prints in the ground, as it bounced in the agonies produced by its wound; but the blood that has gushed from its side discloses the course which it has taken. We soon reach the spot. There lies the buck, its tongue out, its eye dim, its breath exhausted: it is dead. The hunter draws his knife, cuts the buck's throat almost asunder, and prepares to skin it. For this purpose he hangs it upon the branch of a tree. When the skin is removed, he cuts off the hams, and abandoning the rest of the carcass to the wolves and vultures, reloads his gun, flings the venison, enclosed by the skin, upon his back, secures it with a strap, and walks off in search of more game, well knowing that, in the immediate neighbourhood, another at least is to be found.

Had the weather been warmer, the hunter would have sought for the buck along the *shadowy* side of the hills. Had it been the spring season, he would have led us through some thick cane-brake, to the margin of some remote lake, where you would have seen the deer immersed to his head in the water, to save his body from the tormenting attacks of moschettoes. Had winter overspread the earth with a covering of snow, he would have searched the low damp woods, where the mosses and lichens, on which at that period the deer feeds, abound, the trees being generally crusted with them for several feet from the ground. At one time, he might have marked the places where the deer clears the velvet from his horns by rubbing them against the low stems of bushes, and where he frequently *scrapes* the earth with his fore-hoofs; at another, he would have betaken himself to places where persimmons and crab-apples abound, as beneath these trees the deer frequently stops to munch their fruits. During early spring, our hunter would imitate the bleating of the doe, and thus frequently obtain both her and the fawn; or, like some tribes of Indians, he would prepare a deer's head, placed on a stick, and creeping with it amongst the tall grass of the prairies, would decoy the deer within reach of his rifle. But we have seen enough of the *still hunter*. Let it suffice for me to add, that by the mode pursued by him, thousands of deer are annually killed, many individuals shooting these animals merely for the skin, not caring even for the most valuable portions of the flesh, unless hunger, or a near market, induces them to carry off the hams.

The mode of destroying deer by *fire-light*, or, as it is named in some parts of the country, *forest-light*, never fails to produce a very singular feeling in him who witnesses it for the first time. There is something in it which at times appears awfully grand. At other times, a certain degree of fear creeps over the mind, and even affects the physical powers, of him who follows the hunter through the thick undergrowth of our woods, having to leap his horse over hundreds of huge fallen trunks, at one time impeded by a straggling grape vine crossing his path, at another squeezed between two stubborn saplings, whilst their twigs come smack in his face, as his companion has forced his way through them. Again, he

every now and then runs the risk of breaking his neck, by being suddenly pitched headlong on the ground, as his horse sinks into a hole covered with moss. But I must proceed in a more regular manner, and leave my reader to judge whether such a mode of hunting would suit his taste or not.

The hunter has returned to his camp or his house, has rested and eaten of his game. He waits impatiently for the return of night. He has procured a quantity of pine-knots filled with resinous matter, and has an old frying-pan, that, for aught I know to the contrary, may have been used by his great grandmother, in which the pine-knots are to be placed when lighted. The horses stand saddled at the door. The hunter comes forth, his rifle slung on his shoulder, and springs upon one of them, while his son, or a servant, mounts the other, with the frying-pan and the pine-knots. Thus accoutred, they proceed towards the interior of the forest. When they have arrived at the spot where the hunt is to begin, they strike fire with a flint and steel, and kindle the resinous wood. The person who carries the fire moves in the direction judged to be the best. The blaze illuminates the near objects, but the distant parts seem involved in deepest obscurity. The hunter who bears the gun keeps immediately in front, and after a while discovers before him two feeble lights, which are procured by the reflection of the pine fire from the eyes of an animal of the deer or wolf kind. The animal stands quite still. To one unacquainted with this strange mode of hunting, the glare from its eyes might bring to his imagination some lost hobgoblin that had strayed from its usual haunts. The hunter, however, nowise intimidated, approaches the object, sometimes so near as to discern its form, when raising the rifle to his shoulder, he fires and kills it on the spot. He then dismounts, secures the skin and such portions of the flesh as he may want, in the manner already described, and continues his search through the great part of the night, sometimes until the dawn of day, shooting from five to ten deer, should these animals be plentiful. This kind of hunting proves fatal, not to the deer alone, but also sometimes to wolves, and now and then to a horse or a cow, which may have straggled far into the woods.

Now reader, prepare to mount a generous, full blood Virginian Hunter. See that your gun is in complete order, for, hark to the sound of the bugle and horn, and the mingled clamor of a pack of harriers! Your friends are waiting you, under the shade of the wood, and we must together go *driving* the light-footed deer. The distance over which one has to travel is seldom felt, when pleasure is anticipated as the result: so, galloping we go pell-mell through the woods, to some well known place, where many a fine buck has drooped its antlers under the ball of the hunter's rifle. The servants, who are called the *drivers*, have already begun their search. Their voices are heard exciting the hounds, and unless we put spurs to our steeds, we may be too late at our stand, and thus lose the first opportunity of shooting the fleeting game as it passes by. Hark again! the dogs are in chase, the horn sounds louder and more clearly. Hurry, hurry on, or we shall be sadly behind!

Here we are at last ! Dismount, fasten your horse to this tree, place yourself by the side of that large yellow poplar, and mind you do not shoot me ! The deer is fast approaching ; I will to my own stand, and he who shoots him dead wins the prize.

The deer is heard coming. It has inadvertently cracked a dead stick with its hoof, and the dogs are now so near it that it will pass in a moment. There it comes ! How beautifully it bounds over the ground ! What a splendid head of horns ! How easy its attitudes, depending, as it seems to do, on its own swiftness for safety ! All is in vain, however : a gun is fired, the animal plunges and doubles with incomparable speed. There he goes ! He passes another stand, from which a second shot, better directed than the first brings him to the ground. The dogs, the servants, the sportsmen are now rushing forward to the spot. The hunter who has shot it is congratulated on his skill or good luck, and the chase begins again in some other part of the woods.

A few lines of explanation may be required to convey a clear idea of this mode of hunting. Deer are fond of following and retracing the paths which they have formerly pursued, and continue to do so even after they have been shot at more than once. These tracks are discovered by persons on horseback in the woods, or a deer is observed crossing a road, a field, or small stream. When this has been noticed twice, the deer may be shot from the places called *stands* by the sportsman, who is stationed there, and waits for it, a line of stands being generally formed so as to cross the path which the game will follow. The person who ascertains the usual pass of the game, or discovers the parts where the animal feeds or lies down during the day, gives intimation to his friends, who then prepare for the chase. The servants start the deer with the hounds, and by good management, generally succeed in making it run the course that will soonest bring it to its death. But, should the deer be cautious, and take another course, the hunters, mounted on swift horses, gallop through the woods to intercept it, guided by the sound of the horns and the cry of the dogs, and frequently succeed in shooting it. This sport is extremely agreeable, and proves successful on almost every occasion.

Hoping that this account will be sufficient to induce you, kind reader, to go *driving* in our western and southern woods, I now conclude my chapter on Deer Hunting by informing you, that the species referred to above is the Virginian Deer, *Cervus virginianus* ; and that, until I be able to present you with a full account of its habits and history, you may consult for information respecting it the excellent *Fauna Americana* of my esteemed friend Dr. Harlan of Philadelphia.



## THE HORSES OF EGYPT, SYRIA, AND ARABIA, IN THE PRESENT DAY.

BY COLONEL HOWARD VYSE.

DURING my first visit to Cairo, in the spring of 1836, I had frequent opportunities of seeing the Pacha's stud at Shoubrah; it consisted of three or four hundred mares, and of about forty stallions, and was in very bad order. But the best of the horses and mares were afterwards sent to a new building about two miles off, and were much improved in condition under the care of M. Amand, a Frenchman. The stallions, before their removal, were picketed with heel-ropes under open sheds, had very little grooming or exercise; and, as the weather was chilly, were extremely rough: added to which, their feet, from the Turkish way of shoeing, were in a very bad state.

The shoes in Egypt, like those in Syria, are usually circular plates, with a small hole in the middle; but, in the latter country, the ends of the shoe are often turned up across the heel, as a protection against the sharp edges of the rock: for the roads in the mountainous parts of that country are for many miles a series of broken steep declivities, and a horse can scarcely travel without some such defence. It is true that the form of the hinder shoes, to a great degree, prevents overreaching; but this mode of shoeing can, in general, only be applicable to travelling at a slow pace and in a dry country; for a horse, shod as I have described, cannot move with security on moist or slippery ground, nor be ridden at any pace for a considerable distance on a hard road, without injury. Upon removing the shoe the foot is found so compressed, that the frog, bars, &c., cannot be distinguished, and, it appears, are never considered; for, preparatory to shoeing, the leg is held up by one man, whilst another cuts away from him with a buttress, and reduces the whole foot by removing large slices of the frog, bars, sole, and crust, altogether; and the plate of iron is then nailed down as it would be at the bottom of a post. The shoes are not fullered, and are fastened by three large nails in each quarter, which resemble those used in France, and have good hold; for, excepting by being broken against the rocks, or worn out, the shoes are seldom lost. The clenches are twisted round in circles, and hammered into the hoof. My horses were scarcely ever lamed by these shoes, and went in them over the most difficult roads with confidence and security. Of course, it is impossible to clean the foot.

To return to the stud. Amongst the stallions were several of a peculiar white breed:\* they were said to have come from Mecca,

\* By a white breed I mean to intimate that the horses had been foaled perfectly white, and that their color was not the effect of age. A breed of this kind was once famous at Girgenti, in Sicily, and, I believe, still exists in Hungary; and it is to be remarked that many of these Arab stallions had grey eyes like the Hanoverian horses. As far as I could discover, it was equally necessary in the East, as it is in England, that either the horse



either as presents or by having been taken during the war, and they seemed to be thoroughbred: they had in general more power than the other horses, were from 14:3 to 15-2 in height, extremely handsome, of great substance, and had capital legs and feet. The greys and bays were smaller. Many of the latter were colts three and four years old, which had been purchased at great prices, and were supposed to be highly bred, but were, of course, much out of condition from being exposed to heat and to cold, and from being constantly tied up. Their manes and tails were closely shorn, which did not add to their appearance,

The finest horses were the following:—Mufti, a grey horse, six years old, brought by an officer in the Pacha's service from Mecca; he was very lengthy, had great substance, and remarkably large bone, was about 15-2½ in height, and able to carry fourteen or fifteen stone. He had the highest possible show of blood, and the finest action, and was said to be of the purest breed. When I afterwards saw this fine horse in the new stables he was rough from neglect and want of exercise, and his eyes appeared weak and dull; excepting on that account he would have been worth bringing to England. A dark chesnut horse with two white legs and a white face was of equal power, but rather heavier in his forehand; he was also considered to be of a valuable breed. Two or three of the white horses were also remarkably fine and powerful, but not quite so lengthy, and with rather coarser points, but were still of great beauty and substance. The highest bred, however, was a bay, about 15-1½, and fourteen or fifteen years old. Nothing could exceed the strength of his limbs, or the perfection of his make, excepting that he was rather upright in his shoulders; his head and neck were extremely handsome, and his display of high breed and of action was equally striking. He was very muscular, and able to carry twelve or thirteen stone. There were several stories of his having been taken in battle, and the reluctance with which the Arabs parted with him, on account of his blood, superior excellence, and great value. There was, likewise, a bay English horse of good size and shape: he appeared to great advantage, as he was in a box, and, consequently, in better condition than those under the sheds. He was very like Gulliver (by Orville, out of Camidia), and his stock were better than those got by the other horses. Considering the value of these fine stallions, I was a good deal surprised at seeing a sick horse loose amongst them, which according to M. Amand's account, was infected with *la morve* (the glanders): the disease appeared to me to be only the strangles; but, even in that case, it was highly dangerous that he should be loose in the same yard and have access to the water and forage from which the rest were fed.\*

or the mare should be grey to breed a grey colt, and that in those countries, as in Europe; colts of all other colors may be indiscriminately produced; but the rule does not seem to hold good in the white breeds: indeed, I have seen an instance in England to the contrary.

\* One of the white stallions had a disorder which I had never seen, but which I was informed was generally of fatal termination and not uncommon in the East. I only, however, saw two instances of it. The dock was swollen to a large size, and became knotty and callous, and the hair stuck out, and was rough. It did not seem to be attended with pain or with inflammation. I was told that it had a connexion with the blood-vessels in the interior of the horse's body.

The mares were fastened by heel-ropes in large barns, and their foals, as it may be imagined, were in the worst condition. Some of them shewed blood, particularly a grey from Thebes; but many were of the common breed of Egypt, crossed with Arab or Dongalese blood, and several had been imported from the latter country, and had the distinctive marks of their race; namely, long heads, extremely round in the nose, a good deal of white on their faces and legs,\* large limbs, and lengthy narrow frames. They shewed blood, and had a great resemblance to our horses got by Blacklock. The slope of their shoulders was most extraordinary; their action, as it might be expected, was loose and disunited; but they had great liberty, easy paces, and probably excellent wind. They were not in high repute, nor had the Mamelukes formerly much opinion of them, notwithstanding the statement of M. Burckhardt.

A considerable number of mules and of asses were also bred at Shoubrah.

When I revisited the stud on the 12th of November, 1836, the best of the mares and stallions had been removed to the new establishment, which was situated in a fertile plain, abounding in luxuriant crops of corn, cotton, &c. Two large enclosures, in front of the stables, were fenced in with reeds, about seven feet high, in which were one hundred and ten yearlings,† many of them of good size and shape. The best were two bay colts, got by the English horse. The produce of Mufti were strong, but coarse, which is often the case with young Arab stock; those from the fine bay horse were small. They were in tolerable condition, and had the great advantage of being at liberty. Seventeen earlier yearlings were turned loose in a large barn: one or two of these, particularly a small bay colt, were handsome; but they were not in good order. The buildings were very extensive, and being new, perfectly clean; they surrounded large courts, into which the brood mares should be turned, in lots of twenty or thirty, with sheds to shelter them from the sun. There were forty-eight barren mares tied up in a large stable; some of which appeared handsome and well-bred. In another stable were sixty-one mares in foal; they shewed much blood, and five of them (two white Nedjid, and three greys from Syria, Nubia, and Thebes) were remarkably fine. I did not observe at these stables any mares that had foaled: they were probably in separate buildings. The stallions were in another stable: they consisted of the grey horse Mufti, the fine bay, and the chesnut already alluded to, and of five other bay horses. One was a capital horse from the Hedjas, and two of inferior value, which had been selected from the army. There were also eight greys,

\* White marks are not, at present, more esteemed in the East than they are in Europe; nor have the stallions, lately imported into England, been usually distinguished by them, excepting the Cole Arabian, who was said to have been very speedy. There is, however, an account in Evelyn's "Memoirs" of three horses, which were taken at the relief of Vienna, and brought over for Charles II., in December, 1684; and the best is described as a bay with two white feet and a blaize. The Darley Arabian (the sire of Childers) had four white feet and a blaize; Childers had the same; and it may be added that Eclipse, Selim, Velocipede, and many of our fastest horses, have been marked with white.

† The mares generally foal about October and November, and in the ensuing months, on account of the green crops that come in at that time.

all of them Nedjid, and two extremely handsome; and six white horses, five of which were Nedjid, and one an Egyptian stallion.

All these horses and mares were in large boarded stalls, and were not fastened by heel-ropes, but by halters to a post let into the bottom of a stone manger. The stalls were not paved, the mangers were high, and, by a singular arrangement, the horses stood in two rows facing each other. A narrow path had been made along the walls behind, and a broad high walk extended in front of the stalls down the middle of the building. The horses had nothing, therefore, before them but the manger; and the consequence was, that they were kept in a continual state of alarm and uneasiness, by people coming unexpectedly before them; and many of them (which were easily excited) hung back, and were in danger of pulling up the post to which they were fastened, and the whole place to pieces, which did not appear to be very substantially built. It is difficult to imagine why this absurd plan was adopted; which besides other inconveniences, precluded the possibility of examining the horses, without passing close behind them by the dirty path near the walls. The stalls, however, will not last long: and it is to be hoped that these fine horses will eventually be kept in loose boxes, and the mares in sheds, which will not only save much expense, but contribute vastly to their health, and enable them, by moving about in some degree, to make up for the neglect and want of exercise to which they are condemned. The stud, however, is upon the whole much improved since it has been removed to this place, and the French superintendent has been of service: even the two-year-old colts, sent to the stables at Cairo, are in better condition; but nothing can compensate for want of air, liberty, proper exercise, and good keep, particularly to young horses; and the colts at Shoubrah, it is to be observed, are principally fed with chopped straw, and have little or no exercise.\*

In Egypt, the cattle, when turned out to graze, and in many instances the sheep and goats, are necessarily tethered in rows, as the vast plains contain a variety of valuable crops, and are entirely unenclosed on account of the annual inundation. Under such circumstances, heel-ropes are not only the sole expedient, but the most secure manner of picketing a horse, either with regard to his own safety, or to that of the other horses with him. About February, most of the horses in Cairo are turned into the Bersin (a fine sort of clover), and are fastened in a line; the seives (or grooms) being encamped behind them. And in the immediate neighborhood of the city they are often picketed under trees on the banks of the Nile, and are clothed and regularly attended.\* But, notwithstanding the fine climate, they are generally, both in the stable and in the field, in the condition of grass-horses. They are rough for want of exercise, and are never sufficiently cleaned, although a sort of currycomb, a brush made of twisted rope, and a coarse hair-cloth, are used for that purpose. It is scarcely ne-

\* The Arabs are very particular in walking their horses about till they are quite cool. They water generally about once a-day, and feed in the morning and evening; and, in deed, from the intense heat of Eastern climates, the morning and evening are the proper times for eating for both man and beast.



cessary to add that their manes and tails are seldom touched ; and it appears odd to an European eye to see a rough horse brought out, as if from a straw-yard, with a velvet saddle and bridle, covered with golden embroidery and fringes, and with tassels of the same material.

Instead of the large Turkish saddle with Eastern stirrups, a stuffed pad, covered with black or red cloth, and with a low round caule, is generally used ; it is furnished with small stirrups, shaped like those belonging to an hussar saddle, and with a short spur on the inward side. The bridles are of different patterns, and generally made of webbing ; and beneath them headstalls are put on, composed of a number of silver chains, and of small flat ornaments on the noseband.

The Mamelukes were formerly, no doubt, well-mounted and armed, and could ride well ; but I never saw a fine horseman in these countries. (Abou-Gosh, an Arab chief near Jerusalem, and an old Mameluke at Cairo, were the best.) But although some of them were well-placed on the old Turkish saddle (which is still used among the Arabs, and by no means an inconvenient equipment), yet they had bad hands, turned entirely on the outside reins ; and the hand and heel seldom, if ever, accorded : skirmishing and the exercise of the jereed were not usually performed with much address, although with considerable violence, and few of the horses were really fast. When the colts in the Pacha's stables were occasionally exercised, they were suddenly galloped for a short distance, and then stopped in the most violent and awkward manner, without any regard to the action of the horse, or to the momentary position of his legs ; and, therefore, with great danger to his joints. By application through the consuls, strangers can procure horses from these stables ; and the Pacha himself, and many of his officers<sup>1</sup> are mounted from them. There are a number of remarkably fine mules at the same place, which are employed in conveying provisions for the troops. The stud at Shoubrah was intended in some degree to supply the cavalry ; but in this, as in other instances, the best supply would be procured from the people, by securing to them the peaceable enjoyment of their possessions, and by paying a fair remunerating price.

Opposite to the stables at Cairo is the establishment for the Pacha's carriages. I was told that he had procured through Mr. Galloway a tolerable coach and harness : but those, which I saw, were worse than common hackney-coaches, and the horses, harness, and particularly the coachmanship, were beyond all description ; and the whole was conducted in such an awkward manner, and attended with so much difficulty and embarrassment, that it was no longer a matter of surprise that carriages appeared to the Turks most extraordinary inventions. These, although they belonged to the Pacha, were never cleaned, except that the linings were occasionally brushed out. I forget the colours of two, but the one most constantly used was a dark blue chariot, with a red hammercloth ; the varnish had long since disappeared, and the paint scarcely remained. The harness was of a common sort, (like that used for breaks) ; it



had breast-collars, and did not appear to have been ever cleaned or repaired : there were no bearing-reins, and the cruppers were seldom put on ; the reins of the leaders were only passed through the head-terrets of the wheel-horses ; and their traces were fastened to a large swing-bar at the end of the pole : the horses were driven in bridoons, or in bits without curbs. There were several sets of horses, white, bay, and chestnut, apparently very old, and underbred. Their thick manes and tails were never combed, and they were thin and out of condition. When they were fastened to the carriage (for "put together" they never were), the pole pieces were put on first, and then the traces.

The coachman (and the best performer was a black) was dressed in a white Nizam suit, and a red tarbouse and slippers, and drove with a pig-whip. He leaned forward on his box, with his legs stretched out on each side of the foot-board, and, having taken the reins in both hands, ascertained their purchase by two or three violent pulls, that brought the horses' heads alternately round in opposite directions ; and then setting to work with his whip, and reins still in both hands, started his straggling team through foot-passengers, camels, asses, &c., in a most surprising manner. On his return, however, the horses had got quite steady, and by taking a long circuit (if nothing accidentally interfered), the equipage was safely deposited through a large gateway into the *remise*.

The women of the harem seemed, how ever, to enjoy this mode of conveyance, and often took long drives, and returned in the evening by torch-light. I once saw, in an exceedingly hot day, four fat women veiled in a coach, with a black slave sitting, as a guard, on the floor between them. Abbas Pacha had also a close carriage, and a phaeton, and one or two of the Franks had gigs and one-horse chairs : there were also a few carriages at Alexandria.

London Sporting Review for Nov. 1840.

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## FOX-HUNTING IN CANADA.

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THERE is nothing new in the remark, that in whatever part of the world Englishmen are to be found, there, also, have been transferred the manly national sports of their father land ; and let the country or climate be ever so adverse to their adoption, all obstacles are met with a dogged perseverance, truly characteristic. This is applicable to Fox-hunting in Canada, where the early and long winter reduces the hunting season to a short one indeed ; it commences as soon as the crops are got in, about the middle of September, and continues till Jack Frost, with his iron hand, puts an end to the sport. This, of course, varies in different years ; some seasons have been known to close by the 15th of November, and hunting has been continued, in others, to the 12th or 14th of December, which was the case last year. The hounds, however, are again in the field for two or three weeks in April and May ; but the

riding, at this season of the year, is excessively heavy, rendered so by the frost, which penetrates to the depth of at least three feet, coming out of the ground; and from the slippery and bad taking off at the fences, the falls are many and laughable, for the scarlet traps of the riders, in such mishaps, are pretty liberally painted with their mother earth. The spirit, however, with which the noble sport is carried on in this, perhaps, future prop of England's power, opposes and overcomes these disadvantages, which in more legitimate hunting countries are scarcely known.

It must not be supposed, nevertheless, that, during the long interval of winter, the *esprit de corps* of the Montreal Hunt is allowed to evaporate. While our brother sportsmen in England are assembling at the cover side, we have our meets once or twice a week, of a different nature, truly, but still of a sporting character: driving is now the order of the day, and every member of the club vies with the other to turn out his drag, *alias* sleigh and team, in the neatest and most coachman-like manner. The *Place d'Armes*, of Montreal, on these occasions, presents a very gay appearance; there rendezvous some eight or ten tandems, a four-in-hand or two, and a top-sawyer of a whip will sport a random; every coachman, if the driver of a sleigh can be so termed, clad in an upper Benjamin of scarlet, a color which contrasts well with the virgin whiteness of the snow.

Four-in-hand, however, is not well suited to the winter carriage: nothing, to a sportsman's eye, can be more attractive than a well-appointed coach, with four spirited horses, put together in a way that is only to be seen in England; but the sleigh is comparatively low, the driving-box not being higher than an ordinary gig; it is impossible, therefore, to be well over the horses, and, consequently, to have that command over them which safety requires; and, again, the draft over the snow is sometimes so trifling that four horses can pull a fair load almost solely by the mouth. Tandem is the most favorable mode of putting horses together, and although the above observations apply, also, in some degree, to it, yet not with the same force, and the dashing, airy appearance of this style of driving corresponds admirably with the light and graceful sleigh.

The summer roads, in Canada, are execrable; and driving any distance for pleasure, at that season, is out of the question; but when winter has thrown his hoary mantle over all, the amateur of the whip is in his glory; for, in favorable years, no railway is more smooth and level than the winter roads of Canada. The clear, bracing weather (the sky being as bright an azure as that of Naples), the merry music of the bells attached to the harness, and the high spirit which the cold infuses into the horses, render driving in the winter most pleasurable and exciting. Sometimes, indeed, when the mercury sinks to forty or fifty degrees below freezing, it becomes rather difficult to keep the hands warm, and coachee begins to doubt whether he has actually hold of the ribbons, although to the eye, there can be no doubt of the fact; but even in this severe weather (which is only occasional) timely friction will keep the

fingers in a glow. This must not be too long delayed, or a frozen hand is the consequence ; and, although not the least pain is experienced at the time, the process of thawing is anything but agreeable.

But, again, to return to the chase. As the country presents only timber of a very unyielding nature, and stone walls, our horses are excellent fencers, and many sportsmen, from your side, have been struck with their extraordinary qualities in this respect. High breeding, or speed, is not so much required with hounds in Canada ; the country being so closely fenced, the pace they go at cannot be great ; but even at this rough work, the thorough-bred horse shews his superiority. A thorough-bred mare, remarkably well handled by a sporting aid-de-camp of the then governor of Canada, particularly distinguished herself some three seasons ago, and one or two other thorough-breds, that are regularly hunted by members of the Club, are always well placed.

The Canadian hunter is as good a standing as a flying jumper, and it is absolutely requisite that he should be ; for, in some of our thickly-wooded covers, it is impossible to get a run at the leap, and a stranger on a horse unused to the country finds himself, very soon, nowhere, as many a hard-riding fox-hunter, in England, who has been induced to take a look at the Montreal fox-hounds in the field, has often experienced. But it is astonishing how soon an unmade horse acquires the knowledge that the safety of himself and rider depends upon well clearing everything, and a bold horseman will, in a wonderfully short period of time, make a tolerably active horse a good Canadian hunter. As an example of this, I can mention what occurred in a very severe burst in the spring of last year, when, as I have before stated, the riding is very deep and severe upon horses.

The meet was in the vicinity of the kennel, at the head of Victoria Road, and there was a fair muster of red coats, with a sprinkling of darker hue. A fox was soon found, and made off in the direction of Côte de Neige, on the mountain of Montreal. As it happened, and the cover being rather large, only three of the field got away with the hounds ; these were Morris, the huntsman, on the well-known York ; an officer of the artillery, on a horse from Her Majesty's stables, I believe : and another gentleman, a member of the Club, on a very clever black mare, which, from her superior high-flying qualities, went by the name of Taglioni. York and the mare took the fences with their usual ease ; but their riders, on looking back, were agreeably surprised to see their companion following well in their wake on the trooper, which had been in the field only once or twice before. The first teaser was the "boulein" fence, and the two leading men looked anxiously behind, expecting to see No. 3 on the ground ; but no, he was well over, being only a little shaken in his seat, from his horse, probably, lightly touching. The scent was good, and the pack kept their onward course to the cheering cries of the few, but gallant followers. Some fifteen or twenty minutes had now elapsed without accident to the daring two ; and, at every rasper, something like the following remark



would pass between Morris and Mr. —, with the usual wicked and retrospective look :—" Well, this will stop him ;" no such thing, however ; the gunner charged his fences as he would Napoleon's Imperial Guard, and agreeably disappointed his companions to the death, even over a stone wall, with a coping as hewn from the quarry, the pointed edges being placed upwards, sharp as razors, and a ditch on the far side.

The most common wall is from four to five feet high, of round stones, which, if touched, roll over, and no injury is received ; but in the vicinity of stone-quarries the first kind is only to be found, and is rode at by the Canadian fox-hunter (such is the well-placed confidence in his horse) with the same *sang froid* as, on your side, they break through the harmless and yielding hedge, and I can only call to mind one serious accident from these walls, when the leg was nearly severed at the fetlock.

HOCHELAGA.

London Sporting Review.

## TURF MATTERS IN AMERICA.

BY N. OF ARKANSAS.

From the London New Sporting Magazine.

THE wonderful power of steam has so closely united Mother England with the people of these United States, and the facilities of travelling from one place to the other, are so great, and the journey can be made in so short a time, that I begin to entertain strong hopes that some enterprising turfmen, of one or the other country, will make a crusade with a *strong team*, for the purpose of testing the relative speed of the horses of the two nations. The daughter is indebted to the mother for her blood stock, but how far her manner of crossing, rearing, and training, will tend to improve, is a matter of speculation. In England, ten times the care is taken with young things—they are pushed forward from foaling-time, and an English two-year-old does as much work as an American four-year-old—we run long distances, and seek game rather than speed. Of the importations to this country in the last ten years, Leviathan has done more than any other to improve the speed of our stock—and the extraordinary performances of his daughter, Bee's-wing, at New Orleans, running four miles in 7:38, would argue that he has imparted game as well as speed to some of his get. The distinguished Turfman and accomplished Gentleman who imported him is no more ; and I have no doubt the spirited patrons of the Turf on the other side of the "mighty deep" will deeply sympathise with their brethren on this, when they learn the melancholy tidings of the death of James Jackson, Esq. This lamented gen-

tleman also imported Glencoe; his colts have not yet shewn on the American Turf. His pedigree, performances, and the extraordinary feats of Wardan, the earliest of his get, inspire his friends with the confident hope that he will do much towards the improvement of the race-horse.

The lion of America is *Boston*. You have doubtless seen his portrait (which appeared in the "Spirit of the Times," a paper which has done everything for the American Turf, and whose talented and accomplished editor is an ornament to his profession,) and are familiar with his performances. Brilliant as his career has been, green as his laurels are, his speed and endurance have never yet been fully and fairly tested. The next brightest star in our race-horse firmament is Wagner, the conqueror of old Kentucky's lamented Grey Eagle. I saw both races between them—a better contest I shall never see—every inch of the ground was gallantly contested—and, like the famed battle between "Snowden's knight" and "Clan Alpine's chief," each found a "foeman worthy his steel."

The brief and brilliant career of the imported son and daughter of Priam, placed their sire on as high a pinnacle of fame in this country, as did the extraordinary performances of Crucifix in England—Monarch never lost a race, and his owner, the chivalrous Col. Hampton, of the sunny South, was ignorant, at the time he broke down, as to what he could do when called upon. The Queen was unfortunate—she met Boston under disadvantageous circumstances, and though defeated, lost no fame.

I wish Col. Wm. R. Johnson, justly styled "the Napoleon of the Turf," would consent to take a stable to England, under his management, with "Old Arthur\*" to train, and "Gilt†" to jockey,—I should calculate confidently of success.

Boston and Gano are at present matched—the former greatly the favorite. But inasmuch as the latter has the advantage of his own "dunghill," and as a change of climate may seriously affect the "invincible," strong hopes are entertained among Gano's friends that the wreath will be snatched from old Boston's brow—I cannot think so.

Very truly your friend,

N. OF ARKANSAS.

Batesville, Arkansas, October 1, 1840.

\* "Old Arthur" means Old Arthur Taylor, Col. Johnson's trainer, reckoned the most "cute" in the Union.—Ed N. S. M.

† "Gilt" is Gilpatrick, a celebrated jockey, though neither a Sam Chifney nor a Jem Bobinson.—Ed N. S. M.

## Notes of the Month.

### MARCH.

#### PEDESTRIANISM.

A match to walk 200 miles in 200 successive hours, one mile in each hour, was recently won on Long Island, the performance being concluded on Saturday evening, the 12th ult., at 8 o'clock. NICHOLAS LOW, Esq., of this city, was the winner, and upon the completion of his undertaking, he drove immediately to town, and reported to the Club his success.

He commenced his task on Friday the 5th inst., at 12 o'clock, M.; the weather was favorable during the first five days, but was exceedingly cold the rest of the time. The following Friday night the wind was very high, in addition to the cold, and apprehensions were entertained that as Mr. Low was walking for the fun and glory of the exploit, rather than for the stake, he might be inclined to yield the point. He persevered, however, and suffered no inconvenience from the weather, save that it required unusual time to invest himself with all his appliances, to secure himself from the cold.

Mr. Low complained a little on Thursday in his knees; it was the effect of the cold only, and yielded at once to the proper treatment. We repeat that he came in at the finish, perfectly fresh, having walked his 199th mile in thirteen minutes, and his last in fourteen minutes and a half. The reader will of course understand that the pedestrian would select the last twenty minutes of one hour to walk one mile, and the first twenty of the next hour for the next mile. He would thus be able to sleep an hour and a half without interruption.

Mr. L. soon acquired the habit of dropping to sleep the moment his head touched the pillow; he slept soundly, and upon being awakened by his watchers, he felt no sensation of drowsiness. In the last named points consists the principal difficulty of the undertaking. The feat of walking the mile is obviously of little moment, if the pedestrian takes his rest kindly. It was said that Mr. Low required twenty-five minutes to go one mile, so much did he suffer. This is an error; he was walking from the commencement of an hour, and if he were twenty-five minutes in doing the mile, it was because he was engaged in conversation with his friends, and there being no occasion for haste, he took no note of the time. Upon being told that he was going at too moderate a pace, he broke off the conversation, and shot off at the rate of a mile in ten minutes.

Few now doubt the ability of Mr. Low to perform 500 miles on the same conditions; and many are sanguine that he could perform Captain Barclay's match.

Another interesting match has been made by another gentleman of this city, to which we will hereafter call attention. We are happy to see manly sports of this kind entered into with such spirit, by gentlemen not professed Pedestrians.

A match, Two miles, with 100lbs. on each, for \$1200 vs. \$1000, has been made between *Volney* and *Fox*, to come off over the Bertrand Course, Montgomery, Ala., during the Spring Meeting of 1842. *Volney* is by Mons. Tonson, out of Tattersall's dam, and has been standing for two years near Montgomery. He is owned by Mr. J. W. T. REED, but was named in the match by R. H. LONG. *Fox* is a "singd cat," belonging to Mr. HUNTER, of Tennessee. Both horses have a remarkable turn of speed, and if they come to the post in condition "the time of the quickest single mile ever ran in America" may probably be recorded.

Col. Y. N. OLIVER has sold out his lease of the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, to Mr. MILLAUDON, the owner of the property. Thus, we presume, ends the connection of Col. Oliver with the Turf of Louisiana. He was the projector of the New Orleans Races, as they have been revived within the last six or seven years. He commenced the Eclipse Course when the country had reached an apparent



pitch of prosperity unequalled; had such times continued this Course would have made the fortune of its owner. But a revulsion took place, which affected Race Courses and other Turf interests, no less than all other species of property. Nevertheless, the success of Col. Oliver brought competitors into the field; the Metarie and Louisiana Courses were established, and have given a wonderful impulse to the Turf in Louisiana. Col. Oliver now returns to Kentucky, to look after his Oakland Course, which he has already made one of the most popular and profitable in the West. Nor should we be surprised to learn that he had some new scheme in view connected with the establishment of other Courses in that section of the country.

MESSRS. KENNEDY & DANIEL, of Ky., have in training for the Spring campaign some five or six horses, among which are *John C. Young*, by John Richards, *Levis*, by the same, *John Tyler*, by Collier, and *Billy Bacon*, by Medoc, own brother to Medoca, and others.

MR. JOHN CAMPBELL, the owner of *Wagner*, has put all his string in the South West into the hands of Col. Watson, who has engaged VAN LEER as trainer. The health of Van Leer is now entirely restored.

*Ruby*, by Imp. Rowton out of Bay Maria, started a few days since for Virginia, where STUART will train her for her northern engagements.

Can any of our subscribers give us information respecting the produce of a mare called *Hurry'em*, bred in Virginia? She was got by Imp. Precipitate, and her dam was Dr. Dixon's celebrated mare Pill Box.

We are desired to ask for the pedigree of a br. h. now 14 years old, bred by DAN. WILLIAMS, of Halifax Co., N.C., called *Roderick* or *Bill the Bachelor*, by Sir Archy, dam by Sir Harry.

The Messrs. KENNER have taken into their training stable the young things of R. D. SHEPPARD, Esq., of New Orleans.

*Abdallah*.—This distinguished Trotting Stallion, which was purchased by us and sent to Kentucky, has been re-purchased for Long Island at a high figure—*cash*. The performances of his get have been such as to induce this purchase.

*Sales of Stock*.—MR. JAS. G. BOSWELL, of Ky., has sold to GEO. KENNER and J. HART, Esqs., of New Orleans, *The Duke*, a 2 yr. old b. c. by Imp. Tranby, out of Luda's dam (the Duchess of Marlboro') for \$2000; also to R. TEN BROECK, of St Louis, Mo., a yearling filly by Trumpator, out of the same mare, for \$1000; also to Dr. A. L. SAUNDERS, of New Orleans, a yearling by Trumpator, out of Nelle by Orphan, for \$800.

EDMUND BACON, Esq. of Twigg County, Ky. has purchased of Mr. THOMAS A. PANKEY a b. m. *Kitty Brien*, by Conqueror, dam by Gallatin; in foal to Imp. Philip—Price \$400. Also a yearling br. f. by Imp. Philip out of Roxana by Timoleon—Price \$400. For the latter, Mr. Bacon claims the name of *Camilla*; he likewise claims the name of *Tramp* for a b. c. foaled in April 1840 by Imp. Mordecai, out of Ellen Puckett by Stockholder.

Dr. ELISHA WARFIELD, of Kentucky, has sold his filly *Sarah Morton*, by Sidi Hamet, out of Rowena, for \$2500.

Dr. BAT. SMITH, of Alabama, has sold to Col. TOM WATSON the racing qualities of Mango till after the Four mile Stakes on the Louisiana Course, next Spring, for \$2000. The money was paid to secure her for that Stake, but the day after the sale, she won a purse of \$1000.

MR. W. P. GREENE, of Ky., has sold to FERGUS DUPLANTIER, Esq., of La., his ch. f. *Sarah Morton*, by Sidi Hamet, out of Rowena by Sumpter, 3 yrs. old for \$4000.

*Obituary*.—RICHARD PINDELL, Esq., of Lexington, Ky., has lost an own brother to the celebrated *Fanny Wright*, three years old this Spring. He died on the 17th ult.; he was taken with symptoms of cholera, but on examination his

lungs were found very much diseased and engorged with blood. He had previously been in fine life and apparent health, and had grown very much this winter. He is a very serious loss to his owner.

We regret to learn the death of *Ne-plus-ultra*, by Imp. Priam out of Nancy Norwood (the dam of Atalanta and others) by Ratler. He was the property of Gov. SPRIGG, of Maryland. He died on the 7th of October last, of the stomach worm. He was the favorite of his owner who thought him the best colt he had ever bred. He was entered in the Ladies' Stake on the Kendall Course, Md. If blood would *always* tell, there could be none better.

**Names Claimed.**—Gen. IRVINE claims the following names:—That of *Diamond* for a ch. c. foaled 25th July, 1838, by Busiris, out of Vesta by Stephen Hunt's Eagle, he by Sir Solomon; that of *Neomah* for a b. f. foaled 4th April, 1839, by Mingo, out of Spot, she out of Bay Bet (Mingo's dam), her dam the Cliffden mare, grandam of Mingo and Argyle; that of *Bay Thorn* for a b. f. foaled 8th April, 1839, by Mingo, out of Black Thorn, she by Young Archibald, and he by Smolley's Imp. Archibald; that of *Toby* for a gr. c. foaled 5th May, 1839, by Mingo, out of Patience by Col. Johnson's Medley, she out of Erie by Sir Solomon; that of *Tickle* for a b. c. foaled 28th June, 1839, by Mingo, out of Vesta by Stephen Hunt's Eagle, he by Sir Solomon; that of *Whistle Jacket* for a ch. c. foaled 26th July, 1839, by Mingo, out of Betsey Brilliant, she out of Adele by Thornton's Rattler; that of *Peacock* for a ch. c. foaled Oct., 1839, by Mingo, out of Singe Cat, she out of Adeline by Topgallant; that of *Miss Independence* for a b. f. foaled 4th July, 1839, by Mingo, out of Azalia by Mambrino, she out of Wren by Thornton's Rattler; that of *Apollo* for a h. c. foaled 5th May, 1839, by Mingo, out of Duchess of Berry by John Richards; that of *Fly* for a b. f. foaled 20th April, 1840, by Mingo, out of Duchess of Berry by John Richards; that of *Billet* for a ch. c. foaled 3d May, 1839, by Mingo, dam by Mambrino, he by American Eclipse; that of *Brandy* for a b. c. foaled 25th April, 1840, by Mingo, out of the above mare; that of *Radnor* for a b. c. foaled 13th March, 1840, by Busiris (he by American Eclipse), dam by Young Archibald, her dam the Cliffden mare, by Imp. Cliffden; that of *Snap* for a c. foaled 17th April 1840, by Busiris, out of Patience by Col. Johnson's Medley, she out of Erie by Sir Solomon; that of *Blaze* for a b. c. foaled 1st May, 1840, by Busiris, out of Spot by Bolivar; that of *Prize* for a b. f. foaled 13th May, 1840, by Busiris, out of Bay Bet.

Messrs. R. C. AMBLER & F. E. BROOKE that of *Estrella* for a b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Dahlia by Timoleon, foaled a few days since.

Lieut. WM. S. HARRIS, of Kentucky, that of *Kenton* for a ch. c. by Eclipse dam by Rattler, foaled Spring of 1839; also that of *Shelby* for a h. c. by Eclipse, dam by Rattler, foaled Spring of 1839; also that of *Mons. Adrien* for a br. c. by Mingo, out of the dam of Mary Morris by Sumpter, foaled Spring of 1840.

Messrs. KENNEDY & DANIEL, of Kentucky, that of *Miss Anderson* for a ch. f. by Medoc, out of Cinderella by Kosciusko.

W. C. YOURIE claims the name of *Eliotte* for his 4 year old colt, by Imp. Leviathan, out of a Pacolet mare; that of *Red Wood* for his 2 year old colt, by Imp. Leviathan, out of a Pacolet mare; that of *Missouriana* for a colt dropped Spring of 1840, by Imp. Philip, out of a Richard Tonson mare; and that of *Bill Buster*, for a colt by Imp. Leviathan, out of a Richard Tonson mare.

O. H. P. BANKS, claims the name of *Haidee* for his bay filly dropped spring of 1840, by Balie Peyton, out of a Stockholder mare.

Mr. BLACKBURN claims the following names:

No. 1. *Sultan*, a chesnut colt out of a Bertrand mare, g. dam by Blackburn's Whip, g. g. dam an imported Whip mare.

No. 2. A chesnut colt out of a mare by Rosicrucian, the rest of the stock like No. 1.

No. 3. *Red Eagle*,—chesnut colt out of a Whip mare, g. dam by Imp. Knowsley, g. g. dam an imported mare.

No. 4. *Wave*,—chesnut filly, dam by Hamiltonian, g. dam by Diomed.

No. 5. *Linda*,—chesnut filly out of a Buzzard mare.

No. 6. *Ann*,—chesnut filly, dam by Arab, g. dam by Whip, g. g. dam the old Weaver mare.

The lot are all got by Eclipse, and are now two years old.

## TURF REGISTER.

*Addition to the Stud of Mr. EDMUND BACON, of New Design, Ky. Continued from Turf Register, vol. x. p. 114.*

No. 1. KITTY BRIM, b. m., purchased of Thos. A. Pankey, when heavy in foal to Imp. Philip, for \$400. She was got by Old Conqueror, dam by Gallatin by Imp. Bedford, grandam by Highflyer, g. g. dam by Mousetrap, he by Careless, &c. (Signed)

THOMAS A. PANKEY,  
FOR JAMES H. WILSON.

No. 2. CAMILLA, br. f., 1 yr. old, purchased of Thos. A. Pankey for \$400. She was got by Imp. Philip, out of Roxana by Timoleon (he by Sir Archy), grandam by Sapington's Oscar, he by Wilkes' Wonder, he by Imp. Diomed, out of the dam of Old Pacolet. Oscar's dam was the famous Rosy Clack; by Imp. Saltram, grandam Camilla by Old Melzar, &c. &c. See American Stud Book. (Signed)

HAMAN CRITZ.

The above is a true copy.

THOMAS A. PANKEY,  
FOR JAMES H. WILSON.

Roxana was sold by me to Gen. Davis, when in foal with the above filly, for \$1000.

No. 3. TRAMP, b. c., foaled in April, 1840; got by Imp. Mordecai, out of Ellen Puckett by Stockholder, grandam by Old Conqueror, g. g. dam by Imp. Saltram, &c.

No. 4. *Bay Filly*, foaled in April, 1840; got by Imp. Mordecai, dam by old Pacific by Sir Archy. See Turf Register, vol. x. p. 115.

No. 5. *Roan Filly*, foaled in April, 1840; got by Imp. Mordecai, dam by Comet, he by McKinney's roan by Imp. Diomed.

No. 6. *Grey Filly*, by Imp. Mordecai, out of Silvertail by old Hambletonian (he by Imp. Diomed), grandam by Quicksilver (he by Medley), g. g. dam by the famous Gimcrack, by Imp. Medley, &c. &c. EDMUND BACON.

*New Design, Jan. 16, 1841.*

*Blood Stock of Maj. THOS. DOSWELL, of Hanover County, Va.*

No. 1. PAMUNKY, b. h., foaled in  
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1828; got by Am. Eclipse, out of Bellona by Sir Harry.

No. 2. CHOTAUK, b. h., foaled in 1834; got by Pamunky, dam by Arab.

No. 3. MARTHA BICKERTON, br. m., foaled in 1835; got by Pamunky, dam by Tariff.

No. 4. SEVEN-UP, b. f., foaled 1838; got by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Arab.

No. 5. ALICE HERBERT, br. f., foaled in 1838; got by Imp. Priam, out of Eliza Wharton by Director.

No. 6. *Bay Filly*, foaled in 1838; got by Imp. Coronet, dam by Arab.

No. 7. WHITE-NOSE, ch. c., foaled in 1839; got by Pamunky, dam by Timoleon.

No. 8. KITTY MINGE, ch. m., foaled in 1832; got by Timoleon, out of Merino Ewe. Now in foal to Pamunky.

No. 9. HARD CIDER, b. h., foaled in 1836; got by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles. He is the joint property of Thos. Doswell and Dr. F. G. Taylor, of Hanover.

No. 10. SCRIP, b. h., foaled in 1837, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Timoleon; the joint property of Thomas Doswell and Chas. Thompson, of Hanover.

No. 11. CAMDEN, ch. g., foaled in 1835, by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Sir Charles; the joint property of Thomas Doswell and Arthur M. Payne, of Fauquier Co.

No. 12. DUCHESS, b. f., foaled 1838, by Imp. Coronet, dam by Tariff; the joint property of Thos. Doswell and Fred. Harris.

No. 13. *Bay Filly*, foaled in 1838, by Imp. Priam, dam by Director, out of Bayard's dam; the joint property of Thos. Doswell and Thos. Shelton, Louisiana Co.

No. 14. ELLEN GLANVILLE, b. m., foaled in 1836, by Imp. Tranby, dam by Contention, with a yearling colt by Pamunky, now with Balie Peyton.

THOS. DOSWELL.

*White Hall, Feb. 15, 1841.*

*Blood Stock of JAMES MURRELL, Esq., of Glasgow, Ky.*

No. 1. JOHN RICHARDS, a blood bay,



16 hands high, was got by Sir Archy, dam by Rattler (by Imp. Shark), grandam by Imp. Medley, g. g. dam by Wildair—Nonpareil, &c. See Am. Turf Register, vol. iii. pp. 322 324.

No. 2. MONMOUTH, a blood bay without white, bred by Captain Stockton, of New Jersey; was got by John Richards, out of Young Nettle-top by Duroc, grandam Nettle-top by Imp. Diomed, &c. Monmouth was a superior race-horse at all distances.

No. 3. ROZETTA, bred by J. Murrell, a chesnut mare with one white hind foot, 15 hands high, was got by old Aratus, by Director, dam by Whip.

No. 4. PARADINE, a bay mare without white, except a few hairs in the forehead, 6 yrs. old, was got by old Bertrand, out of No. 3.

No. 5. SARGEANT S. PRENTISS, br. c., 4 yrs. old, by Imp. Sarpedon, out of No. 3.

No. 6. OSWEGO, a blood bay colt without white, foaled in the Fall of 1838, was got by old Bertrand, out of No. 3.

No. 7. PLYMOUTH, ch. c., foaled in April, 1840, got by John Richards, out of No. 3.

No. 8. MECCA, gr. f., 1 yr. old, by John Richards, out of Grey mare by Jackson, by Bertrand.

No. 9. LUCY GILLOCK, b. f., 1 yr. old, by John Richards, dam by Cook's Whip.

No. 10. Bay Colt by John Richards, dam by Potomac, foaled in May, 1840.

No. 11. LOUISA, ch. m., 16 hands high, got by Imp. Bluster, dam by old Hambletonian (by Imp. Diomed), grandam by Glimpse, by Imp. Diomed.

No. 12. OPTIMUS, a bay colt with one white foot, foaled in June, 1840, by John Richards, out of No. 11.

No. 13. Bay Colt by Medoc (by Eclipse), dam by Whip, grandam by Duke of Bedford, by Imp. Bedford, 4 yrs. old. JAMES MURRELL.

Glasgow, Ky., Feb. 4, 1841.

*Blood Stock of GARLAND WEBB, Esq., of Scott County, Ky.*

No. 1. LADY WHIP, by Whip, dam by Alonzo, grandam by Imp. Buzzard.

*Her Produce.*

1836. *Serenade*, by Woodpecker [sold].

1838. *John Archy*, ch. c., by John Richards.

1839. *Black Rover*, bl. c., by Eclipse.

1840. *Bay Filly* by Pacific [dead].

Now in foal to Woodpecker.

No. 2. NANCY THATCHER, by Medoc, dam by Archy of Transport. Stinted to John Bascombe.

No. 3. GREY WING, gr. f., by Medoc, dam by Whip, 2 yrs.

No. 4. SIR ROBERT, ch. c., by Medoc, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs.

GARLAND WEBB.

Georgetown, Ky., Jan. 15, 1841.

[In the September number of the Turf Register was published a list of the Blood Stock of H. J. Cannon and E. J. Peebles, Esqrs. Certain typographical errors having occurred therein a corrected list is now given.]

*Blood Stock of Messrs. H. J. CANNON and E. J. PEEBLES, of Jackson, N. C. Corrected from vol. xi. p. 491.*

No. 1. SALLY SABLE, a very well-formed black mare, bred by the late Major Phil. Claiborne, of Selwood, Brunswick County, Va. Got by the celebrated running horse Munroe (son of Imp. Diomed, his dam, dam also of Pacolet, Palafox, &c.)—Lady Randolph (full sister to the running horse Carolinian by Sir Archy)—Imp. Druid—C. A. H. Symmes' Old Wildair—Americus—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. horse Moore's Partner—Imp. horse Old Jolly Roger—Imp. mare Kitty Fisher by Cade—Cullen Arabian—Bald Charlotte, which mare ran at Newmarket in May, 1727, four miles, carrying 288lbs., and beat Mr. Ashby's Swinger, carrying 279lbs. N. B. Previous to the year 1740, or 1745, the racing stone was estimated at 16lbs., but it was afterwards reduced to 14lbs., according to Cheney, Berringer, Heber, Faucet, Falconer, &c. &c., and remained so until the present day.

*Her Produce.*

1840. *Grey Colt* by Clarence Linden. Put to Andrew.

Messrs. Cannon & Peebles.

No. 2. POLLY COTTLE, a very well-formed chesnut mare, 16 hands high, and crest-fallen. Got by the celebrated running horse Marion (son of Old Sir Archy)—Sugar by Constitution—Imp. Dragon—Atlanta by the Imp. horse Old Medley—Pink, by the celebrated running horse Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Old Jolly Roger—Young Jenny Cameron by the Imp. horse Valiant—Imp. mare Old Jenny Cameron by Cuddy (a son of Fox)—Miss Belvoir by Grey Grantham—Paget Turk—Bet

ty Percival by Leedes Arabian—Spanker.  
H. J. CANNON.  
Northampton Co., Ala., Nov. 21, 1840.

*Blood Stock of Maj. JOHN B. DAVIS, of  
Munroe County, Miss.*

No. 1. CINDERELLA, b. m., by Sali-dan, dam by Aratas, 8 yrs. old.

No. 2. ALICE GREY, gr. m., 5 yrs. old, by Jerry, dam by Pacolet.

No. 3. GLASS-SLIPPER, b. m., 4 yrs. old, by Stockholder, dam by Constitution.

No. 4. JANE PROFFIT, br. m., 5 yrs. old, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Frolic by Sir Charles.

No. 5. SIR ELLIOTT, b. c., own brother to No. 4.

No. 6. ELLEN DOUGLASS, b. m., by Bertrand. Stinted to Imp. Ainderby.

No. 7. EMELINE FREEMAN, ch. f., 2 yrs. old, by Mercury, out of No. 1.

No. 8. LAURA SAVAGE, b. f., 1 yr. old, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Jones by Timoleon.

No. 9. SYMMETRY, ch. f., foaled last Spring, by Imp. Ainderby, out of No. 6.

No. 10. Colt by Imp. Ainderby, out of No. 1; dropped last Spring.

JOHN B. DAVIS.

December, 1840.

*Blood Stock of JOHN W. TROTTER, Esq.  
of Decatur, Ga.*

No. 1. YANCY, a beautiful dark bay horse, bred by George W. Jeffries, of North Carolina, and foaled in the Spring of 1831. He was got by Randolph's Roanoke, out of Lady Chatham by Bainbridge, grandam Bellona by Jolly Air, &c. Lady Chatham is also the dam of Hebrew. See Edgar's Stud Book for her full pedigree, vol. 2.

Yancy is sold to Mr. Gregory, of Tennessee.

No. 2. Bay Mare, 13 yrs. old, 15½ hands high, by Sir Archy, dam by Madison, grandam by Imp. Bedford—Imp. Dare-devil—Shark—Indian Queen—Imp. Janus, &c. Sold to Col. Jas. M. Calhoun.

No. 3. SELINA BERTRAND, bay mare of fine form, 10 years old last Spring; got by Bertrand, dam by Cook's Whip, grandam by Kennedy's Diomed, g. g. dam by Speckleback, &c. Sold to Hendley Varner, of McDonough, Ga.

No. 4. IMPERATRIX, ch. m., by Claiborne's Carolinian, dam by Ball's Florizel, grandam by Bellair, g. g. dam by old Celer, &c.

No. 5. EMILY POINTER, b. f., 4 yrs. old, by Golden Fleece, out of Lady Chatham, the dam of Hebrew, Yancy, &c. Sold to F. G. Colbert, of Bibb County, Ga.

No. 6. LADY HARPER, ch. f., very beautiful, by Johnson's Andrew, out of Betsey Purnell by Sir William, grandam by old Madison, g. g. dam by Florizel, g. g. g. dam by Imp. Buzzard, g. g. g. dam by Imp. Shark. Sold to Col. John Lamar, of Macon, Ga.

No. 7. LANDSCAPE, b. c., by Imp. Margrave, out of No. 2; foaled Spring of 1837.

No. 8. SPURZHEIM, b. c., foaled the Spring of 1839, by Imp. Coronet, out of No. 3. Sold to H. Varner, of McDonough, Ga.

No. 9. PATSY LIZA, a beautiful bay filly, foaled the Spring of 1838, by Yancy, out of No. 2. Sold to F. G. Colbert, of Bibb Co. Ga.

JOHN W. TROTTER.

Fort Valley, Ga., Feb. 15, 1841.

*Pedigree and Produce of AMY ROBSART.*

AMY ROBSART, b. m., foaled Spring of 1833, got by Gohanna, out of Martha Turpin by Shylock [see Turf Register, vol. ii. p. 520,] grandam by Alfred [see T. R., vol. vi. p. 169,] g. g. dam by Sansculotte, g. g. g. dam by Diomed [see T. R., vol. ii. p. 151].

*Her Produce.*

1838. March. Tasso, b. c., by Imp. Felt. [G. W. Wall, Winchester, Va.]

1840. March. Anna Felix, b. f., by Imp. Emancipation.

Now in foal to Imp. Sarpedon.

A. S. TIDBALL.

Winchester, Va., Feb. 1840.

*Pedigree of TOM TUNSTALL.*

TOM TUNSTALL was bred by J. R. H. Acklen, of Oak Spring, near Gallatin, Tenn., on the 29th May, 1831, was got by Pacific (he by Sir Archy), out of Highland Mary (bred by Col. F. N. W. Barton,) by Pacolet (son of Imp. Citizen), grandam Rosey Carey (see A. T. R., vol. iii. p. 152,) by Sir Archy, g. g. dam Sally Jones by the Imp. horse Traveller, sometimes called Big Ben, or Charlemagne, (son of O'Kelly's Eclipse, one of the purest importations of the last century,) g. g. g. dam by the Imp. horse Wrangler, g. g. g. dam Opossum by Imp. Shark, g. g. g. dam by the celebrated American

quarter race horse Goode's Old Twigg,  
g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Fear-  
nought, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Lee's  
Old Mark Anthony, out of a mare by  
Imp. Monkey.

For the above pedigree of Highland

Mary I am indebted to the courtesy of  
H. M. Cryer, who purchased her, when  
about fifteen months old, from Col. Bur-  
ton, of Rutherford County, Tenn.

AUG. SEABORN JONES.

Mill Haven, Ga., Feb. 13, 1841.

### THE CONSTABLE MARE.

NASHVILLE, Jan. 10, 1841.

Dear P.,—The blood of the Pot-8-o's mare imported by Mr. CONSTABLE, has been often asked for;—it is in my power to put that question at rest. While at the Liverpool races, in 1839, I saw Mr. Johnson, who has continued the publication of Pick's Stud Book and Register to this time. In an old volume of his, we found Constable's mare and her importation, and of this Mr. Flintoff then present, made a memorandum, and to that I referred and took a copy yesterday.

"Radish, by Pot-8-o's, dam Rarity by Matchem—Snap-dragon by Snap (sister to Curiosity, Angelica, &c.), out of the Regulus mare, dam by Fribble, foaled in 1787, bred by Lord Grosvenor, and sent to the United States."

As this mare was on the Turf some years, I think it more than probable she came over in '94 or '95. I know of but one other Pot-8-o's mare brought to the United States. She was imported by Mr. Walter Bell, of Halifax, N.C., and came in the same vessel with Eagle and Boaster. This mare was sold to Messrs. Avery and Robertson, of Belfield, Va. She is not in Skinner's Stud Book. I remember her well; a bay, *some white*, roomy in her body, and rather high on the legs.

I conclude Radish is, or was the g. dam of Eclipse; she was imported at about the right time, but the age does not exactly agree with the *tradition* of Constable's mare; but if they can find the certificate, it may correspond with the age of Radish; bred by Lord Grosvenor, and sent to the United States, are strong corroborating circumstances. Yours, respectfully, A. J. DAVIE.

P.S. It is also true the dam of Radish had a Gimcrack filly, but I find nothing of her stock.